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IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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Chapter Five

The first winter in the north

ON the morning after they embarked on the East Main River the McKay party came upon a little opening where the trees had been freshly cut and saw what looked like a small log fort with walls seven or eight feet high. No one was in sight, but smoke was rising from the chimney. As the canoes were passing, Philip shouted twice and then, receiving no reply, fired a shot. Thereupon two large boys, one of whom carried a gun, came hurriedly round the corner of the structure and stood staring at the canoes; neither could have been more than seventeen years old. They looked so excited that the factor laughed and called out, "Don't be alarmed. We are friends."

"Won't you come ashore?" one of them shouted. "We should be mighty glad to see somebody—somebody we could talk to."

There was so much pathetic longing in his voice that the McKays landed to see who the boys were and what had brought them there.

Theirs was a queer story. They said that they came from Toronto, and that their names were Jerome and Horace Cole; they were not brothers, however, but cousins. They had graduated from high school in June and in July had set off into the wilderness to make their fortunes by trading with the Indians, for like many others they had heard that the price of furs was bound to rise. They had scraped together what money they could and had bought a stock of trading goods and a canvas canoe. Their parents at home had believed that they were going to join a summer camp of Boy Scouts near Lake Timagami. But they had far more ambitious plans, nothing less than to start a lucrative trading post that would rival Revillon Frères or the grand old Hudson's Bay Company.

They had descended the Mattagami River, reached Moose Factory on James Bay and afterwards paddled laboriously up the East Main River and built their "fort" at the place where the McKays had found them. Their



DRAWN BY A. L. RIPLEY

She dropped the lid of the wicket and stepped back to take the rifle

THE STRANGEST OF WEDDING JOURNEYS

By C.A. Stephens

project had embraced not only trading for furs but trapping as well, and they had expected to return after two years, laden with peltries and rich in experience.

There is no doubt that they had gained a great deal of experience. The wonder is that they had ever got so far into the wilderness and done so much. From the start the mosquitoes, the black flies and the midges had almost eaten them alive. There had been whole days when they could neither see nor paddle their heavily laden canoe. Much of the time they had been obliged to subsist on almost anything that they could shoot or catch, for one night on a portage path early in the trip a wolverene had got into their stock of provisions and had carried off nearly the whole of it.

Though destitute, they had pushed on. While building the "fort" Jerome had cut his foot, which had caused him much suffering, and both had endured agonies from an internal disorder that they feared was appendicitis; whatever it was, they probably owed it to bad food. Nevertheless they had stayed through August and into September. What disheartened them most was lack of trade. No Indians came to them with furs; all their goods were still in the "fort."

And now with winter coming on and little to eat, with their clothes in rags and a bad outlook on every hand, disheartened and homesick, they were almost panic-stricken. Their hitherto heroic courage had suddenly collapsed; they wanted to go home. But there were all their goods—they had put four hundred dollars, all the money they could raise, into their stock, and there it lay, bulky and heavy and discouraging. But for that they would have long since started for home.

"Phil, I pity those boys," Diana said in an undertone, "I do pity them! Couldn't we buy their goods and let them go home?"

"It would take the last dollar that we have in the bank at Montreal," Philip replied.

But they talked the matter over with the elder McKay and then took a further look at the goods. There were ten dozen small traps, fifty red flannel shirts, a dozen harmonicas, fifty pounds of tobacco, several boxes of fishhooks and also hanks of line, awls, needles and other small articles.

"Since you want to go home, we will give you three hundred dollars for what you have here," Philip said to them at last.

They closed with the offer almost as soon as the words were out of his mouth.



The McKays had presently replenished their own provisions from stocks that Captain Rankin carried on the Inemew, and in addition to the check for the money they generously gave the Cole boys food enough to last them for two weeks on their way home. It would be a long, cold trip for them at best.

Diana, sitting in her canoe, laughed to see them go. "Home will look good to them," she said.

"But what their parents will say to them may not sound so good!" remarked Philip.

Three days later the McKays reached the post near Lake Mistassini. They arrived none too soon, for ice

was already forming along the shores. Old Achille and Tante Feely had nearly given them up for lost. Ten Indian families were already camped about the place, awaiting their return, and others came; the business of outfitting them all for the winter trapping began at once and went on continually during October and November. Indians and half-breeds were coming and going every day, often fetching in game. Diana resumed her housekeeping. They stored for the winter ice, great quantities of geese, ducks and venison. Indians visiting the post were always hungry and expected to be fed. Diana was painstakingly kind to all the red people and particularly to the squaws, who had many small troubles of their own and were sometimes ill. She cheered the poor creatures and doctored them with such medicines as she had.

There now came great snowstorms, and the cold was at times severe; occasionally the temperature fell to thirty and thirty-five degrees below zero. But the log house had been built for warmth, and old Achille cut wood and kept up grand fires in the big box stoves. Diana, who had known severe weather all her life in Maine, did not in the least mind those few additional degrees of cold; she was out on snowshoes nearly every day with Philip. They were all busy. The elder McKay did most of the trading and bargaining with the Indians and the half-breeds. His long experience as a factor enabled him to manage those people

successfully and often adroitly, for sometimes they were bad-tempered and had to be reasoned with calmly and kindly.

During that year many of the people were in a discontented mood; even when given all that they asked for, they were often morose and faultfinding. The factor was at a loss to account for the change in their disposition. "An evil spirit has entered into them!" he exclaimed one day. "They appear not to believe anything I tell them. They couldn't go through the winter without the supplies we bring to them; yet some of the half-breeds seem actually to hate us!"

"I wonder if this is the work of that mutineer Captain Rankin told us about?" said Diana as she and Philip were talking the matter over together.

Philip nodded gravely. Something or some one had alienated the former good will of the people. He admitted that he felt uneasy.

However, the post was well arranged to insure their safety. The stockade that surrounded the three log houses was of spruce trunks fifteen feet long set firmly into the ground and so close together as to touch one another. The fence thus formed was stiffened on the inside by long, strong poles spiked horizontally to the upright logs. The inclosure was perhaps sixty-four feet square and contained a well. On the south side there was a gate seven feet high and four feet wide, made from heavy birch plank four inches thick and hung on long, heavy iron hinges. It swung inward and when closed was made fast by a transverse bar that could be run through heavy sockets. In the gate was a round peephole, over which was a movable lid. When strange Indians or others came to trade old Achille, having first scrutinized them through the peephole, admitted them one, two or more at a time as he thought proper. But the familiar Indians came and went almost as they pleased. In the main they were a kindly, simple folk much like children.

About New Year's, finding that the post was running short of many necessary articles, Philip sent Kenoska and one other of the Indians in the service on a trip to Lake St. John to replenish their stock. The Indians took a sled drawn by four dogs and a load of furs to be exchanged for the goods at one or other of the general stores at that thriving settlement and terminus of the railway line. Allowing for ordinary delays, Philip thought that they could make the trip in three weeks. But January passed, and they did not return. Since more snow had fallen, Diana and Philip feared that they might be snowed up, or that they had lost their dogs or broken through thin ice on some one of the rivers. Another week passed, and then Philip decided to seek them. On the 8th of February he set off to the rescue with two Nascapi and a dog team.

On the morning of the tenth, after he had been gone two days, Diana, who was busy with her labors indoors, heard the faint jingle of bells outside the stockade and, thinking that Philip had returned, rushed to the gate to look out. A long, heavily laden sled drawn by eight dogs had stopped in front of the gate. With it was an armed party of seven persons, all dressed in blanket coats. Fur hoods drawn low over their ears concealed much of their faces, but two of the men—the drivers of the team—were plainly Indians; the five others were whites.

Hearing the wicket open, they turned, and one of them came toward the gate. Diana now saw more of his face. "Let us in, will ye?" he said. "We want to get warm."

"You cannot come in," Diana replied. "Why not? Isn't this a trading post?" the fellow demanded.

"Yes, but you cannot come in."

"But why not?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Because I recognize you," Diana replied.

"Oh, you do?" he said and sneered.

"Yes, you are the person who used bad language and threatened us on the upper Wenusk last summer."

"Oh, you're the gal with the gun, are ye?" he cried.

"Yes, and I've got the same gun now," Diana said quietly.

"D'ye mean to say you wouldn't let folks in to get warm on a day like this?"

"Most folks I'd let in, yes, but not you, not if you were freezing. But you don't look cold," she added. "That wasn't what you came here for."

"You think you are a knowing one, don't ye?" the fellow cried with an ugly leer.

"No, for I don't certainly know that you are the mutineer who calls himself Tom Catlin," Diana replied coolly. "I don't know

that you are the anarchist whom Captain McCormick put ashore on one of the Sleeper Islands. But it wouldn't surprise me if you were that very man. You answer pretty well the description that the Canadian Territorial Police has sent out."

The would-be caller's leer changed to a scowl. He stared hard for a moment; then he ripped out an oath. "I've a good notion to knock this gate into that sassy face of yours!" he shouted.

"Better not; I warn you," Diana said calmly. "When you begin knocking I begin shooting."

She dropped the lid of the wicket and stepped back to take the rifle that the faithful Lododa, hearing the loud talk outside, had brought to her young mistress. The factor too, who was in the store and who had heard something of what was passing at the gate, now came forth with a rifle in his hands. Diana and he listened intently for several moments; then they heard the jingle of bells as the dog sled moved off. Whoever the uncivil visitors were, they had thought best to depart peaceably.

Nevertheless, Diana and her Uncle James kept watch by day and by night for a week—until Philip and his party returned

with the two Indians who had been sent to Lake St. John. The delay in coming back had been owing to wolves' killing their dogs one night on their way down to the settlement. On snowshoes Kenoska and his fellow courier had been dragging the sled for more than two hundred miles.

In March the Indians and the half-breeds whom the McKays had outfitted began coming in with their winter catch of furs. Most of them had done well. Philip and Diana made it their rule to pay double the prices that the Hudson's Bay Company had previously paid; they had a good trade and exchanged their whole stock of goods for furs of all kinds—otter, mink, ermine, fisher, black fox, silver fox, white fox, marten and others.

In May Philip went to Montreal by way of Lake St. John and Quebec and took out five canoe loads of peltries. Diana did not accompany him on the trip; there were reasons she could not go. The elder McKay also remained at the post. Owing to the abnormally high prices of everything that could be called furs the venture thus far had been profitable, so profitable indeed that Philip felt encouraged to double their stock of trade goods for the year to come. Low

water in the rivers and other difficulties of transportation prevented his returning until the middle of July.

All had gone well during his absence, and for two months life went on rather quietly. Early in October, however, an event of much interest occurred at the far-away post in the northern wilderness: a little Philip, junior, came into the world. And all went well.

Philip, who for days had gone about haggard with anxiety, now smiled again. The greatly delighted Uncle James gave a feast; in honor of the occasion he fed all the neighboring Indians roast venison and baked beans. Tante Feely went about the place grinning broadly; and Lododa and Pinnifed hung over the little newcomer, chattering low in purest Nascapi.

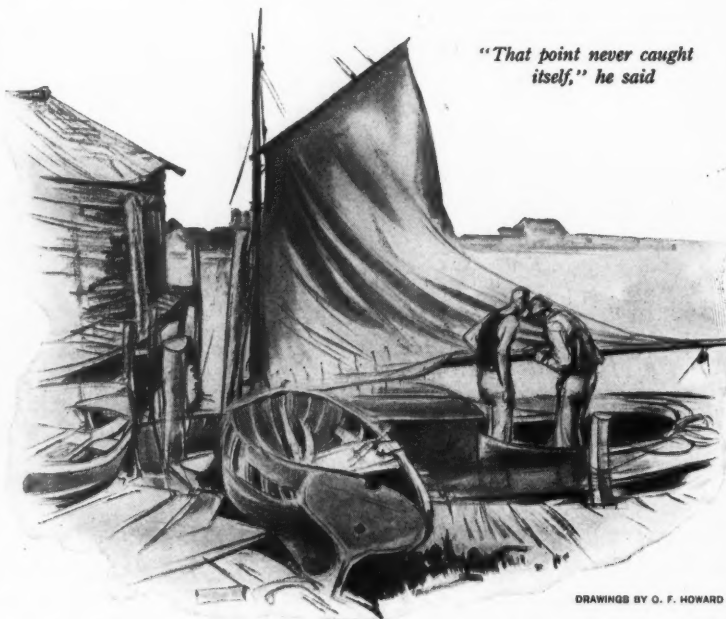
During the late fall and early part of the winter the McKays outfitted more trappers and bought considerably more fur than they had done the season before; and they paid higher prices for it too. There was now less discontent on the part of the half-breeds.

Then during the last week of January calamity came, calamity that fell upon them all like a blow from an unseen hand; and it found them defenseless.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BOOMERANG

By M.B. Gookin



DRAWINGS BY O. F. HOWARD

this boat—they knew he'd got in with a bad crowd and wasn't acting right. He's not good company, Bob, and I'd advise you to keep clear of him. He's not your style, for all his money."

"Well," said Bob, "I never liked him. But he certainly can sail that boat of his, and I don't think he would do anything much out of the way; I don't, really."

In a short time they reached the stranded coal schooner, and, fastening the Black Baby's painter to the mizzen chains, they went on board and made friends with some of the crew.

The cargo was about to be lightered, and some time passed before Bob and his companion became tired of watching the preparations for moving the coal to the clumsy square-end craft alongside.

Meanwhile the tide had turned, bringing in a short disagreeable swell with it, and when the two boys were ready to start for home they found the Black Baby pounding and tugging at the end of her painter. Ed stepped over the rail of the schooner into the mizzen chains and started to pull the boat closer in. Suddenly the rope parted, and the knockabout turned broadside to the waves and began to drift away.

Bob had barely time to utter a shout of dismay before Ed dived overboard, swam a few quick, powerful strokes and hoisted himself on the deck of the runaway.

"Pretty fast for an old man!" jeered Bob as Ed got the sail up and ran the Black Baby to the side of the schooner.

But there was no answering smile on Ed's face this time. "Let me see that painter," he said sternly as they began their sail homeward. "Yes, just what I thought! It's been cut right where I spliced it into the bow ring yesterday. Look yourself."

"Whew! So it has!" exclaimed Bob. "But, Ed, who would have done it? Somebody must have done it for a joke, though it's a pretty poor one, I must say!"

"It wasn't meant for a joke. The fellow who cut that painter wanted us to lose the boat or hoped she'd injure herself somehow before the race tomorrow. There's no telling what might have happened if we hadn't turned up at the right time. Suppose we'd been a few minutes later, where do you think your boat would have been with the wind and tide this way? Right on those rocks over there, with a big hole stove in her!" Ed paused angrily. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he continued; "I'm going to sleep right on board this boat tonight, and if that joker comes around to play any more tricks he'll get more than he expects for his trouble!"

"I'll sleep out there with you!" cried Bob, full of enthusiasm. "Hadden't I better bring a revolver? I tell you, Ed, I do want that cup awfully. I'm willing to be beaten for it fairly, but it would just about finish me to lose it by a mean trick!"

"A pair of sharp ears is all you'll need, Bob," answered Ed, smiling for the first time, "though you might take along a good pair of

"BOTHER!" exclaimed Bob Greeley, letting the Black Baby's main halyards run till the partly hoisted sail fell over the boom. "Those reef points are always catching; that's twice I've just missed tearing a hole in the sail!"

Ed Willis, the Greeleys' young boatman, looked up from his work of snapping the jib hooks to the forestay and chuckled. "You want to be sure you untie all the points when you shake out a reef, Bob; you may save yourself a pile of trouble."

"But this reef point isn't tied, Ed, and we didn't use the third line yesterday anyway! I wish you'd look here; the point is caught under the lacing in the queerest way, just like the other time!"

Ed snapped the last hook into place and came aft into the cockpit.

"That point never caught itself," he said, shaking his head after carefully disentangling the rope.

"You mean somebody has been meddling?" cried Bob incredulously. "Who would be likely to?"

"Somebody who wants us to tear our sail before the race tomorrow, I guess," answered Ed gruffly. "Come on now, let's get off before the wind lets go of us entirely."

They hoisted the mainsail again and were soon sailing along by the shore in the light September breeze; Bob was at the tiller, and Ed was sprawling out on the overhanging stern of the little knockabout.

"Going anywhere?" asked Ed. "Perhaps you'd like to go aboard that coal schooner ashore a little piece farther this way."

"Good idea," said Bob, shading his eyes with his hand and looking across the dazzling blue water, which was darkened here and there with fitful puffs of wind. "I guess the wind will just about hold out. Oh, here comes the Adder! Ed, why does George Hawes look so grumpy nowadays? He hardly speaks to either of us!"

Ed exchanged an unenthusiastic wave of the hand with the youth at the tiller of the passing boat and gave one of his characteristic chuckles. "Perhaps he's mad because we got three firsts in the races this summer same as himself. He wants that cup, but, Bobby, unless he comes in ahead of us tomorrow he won't get it, will he?"

"Ed, you don't think he could have had anything to do with those reef points, do you?" exclaimed Bob after a short pause. "I couldn't believe it of him!"

"No," replied Ed thoughtfully, "I don't honestly think so. But I'll tell you what, Bob; I think that George may have done some talking and put ideas into the heads of some of these smart kids round here. But if I could find the kids who tampered with that sail, wouldn't I fix them!"

"I wonder if the racing is the only thing George is mad about," said Bob reflectively. "There must be something else, Ed."

Ed sat up on the deck and took in the sheet. "I'll tell you something if you won't let on I told you. Hawes is fighting mad with me because he thinks I got him into trouble with some friends of his who live over at West Haven. I didn't; they were down on him before I ever came to the island to sail

eyes too, for there'll be fog tonight! You won't lose that cup by any tricks if I can help it!"

At nine o'clock that evening Ed and Bob stepped into the flat-bottomed skiff and rowed out toward the moored Black Baby. She lay in her customary place in a rather inconvenient and hence unpopular part of the harbor, well away from the houses of the little town, and her only near neighbor was George Hawes's boat the Adder, another of the one-design class of eighteen-footers owned by the summer residents of West Haven. Except for the different names on the stern boards it would have been hard for anyone to tell them apart. The three other boats of the little fleet were white, but these two had been painted black out of deference to their names.

Ed's prophecy had been fulfilled, for a thick fog hung over the water. There was no moon, and by the time the boys reached the Black Baby, which lay about fifty yards farther from the shore than her solitary neighbor, the lights in the distant houses were invisible.

"Hold on a minute," said Ed, speaking low, for there was no wind, and noises carry far in the fog. "We're going to take the boat off her mooring and anchor her the same distance she was from the Adder, only toward the shore."

"What's that for?" asked Bob in an excited whisper.

"If they're going to play any tricks tonight they can play them on their own boat, that's what for," replied Ed grimly. He stepped on board the Black Baby and, after feeling in the darkness for some time, cast off her mooring rope.

"You don't think George is the one?" protested Bob excitedly. "Why, it doesn't seem as if he could be!"

"I'm not mentioning any names," said Ed. "You just wait and see what happens in the next few hours!"

With their boat securely anchored some fifty yards astern of the Adder and the skiff stowed in the cockpit so that it should not betray their presence the boys rolled themselves in the blankets that they had brought with them and lay down on the two cushioned bunks in the little cabin. Except for the faint lapping round the bows as the boat rose and sank on the almost imperceptible swell and the occasional creak that is never absent from any sailboat the night was absolutely

still. In spite of Bob's interest in the adventure he began to yield to the sleepy influence of the place. The clock in the schoolhouse tower struck eleven, and his eyes shut tight.

Suddenly Ed roused him with a vigorous nudge. "Listen," he said. "Hear the oars?"

The boys crawled out into the cockpit and, keeping their heads well below the level of the coaming, waited with their hearts thumping in their ears. The boat was coming from the direction of the shore, and when it was nearly abreast of them some one in it spoke:

"This first boat is the Adder. The one we want ought to be just beyond her; the fog is so thick it's hard to see. There she is; you're headed right now."

Bob started, for he had recognized the voice. "It is Hawes!" he muttered.

"Keep still!" his companion cautioned him. "He will have to practice on his own boat this time. If he's up to mischief, he'll have to take the consequences!"

The sound of the oars ceased, and Ed raised his head and looked in the direction of the Adder. He could see a faint hazy spot of light, but nothing more. "I guess they've got a flash light to work by," he said with his chuckle, "but it's a little one and probably not strong enough to show them they're on their own boat. Keep still, Bob; we don't want them to come over here, you know."

"Oh, I'd like to get at them!" whispered Bob hoarsely a few minutes later as a faint stir in the vicinity of the Adder told him the marauders were leaving her. "The fellow with George is that fellow Kitson who sails with him in the races, I think. Listen for their voices when they go by us."

The rowboat drew near again, and the crew of the Black Baby listened attentively. George Hawes was speaking; his voice was unmistakable: "Pretty good job, Kitty, wasn't it? I feel I've squared things up a little tonight."

"Yes, fine, George! You're a good one." The quick high-pitched tones were those of Kitson.

"Yes, it will do the business, I guess. The Adder is all right, so we won't stop."

Their voices and the sound of the oars died away in the distance, and Bob drew a long sigh of relief. "What do you suppose they've done, Ed?" he asked, stretching his cramped limbs. "And what had we better do about it?"

"We'll put the Black Baby back on her mooring as soon as it's light enough to see,



"We're going to take the boat off her mooring"

and then we'll have a talk with somebody on the racing committee," said Ed, returning to his bunk as placidly as if nothing out of the common had occurred. "That's about all we'll have to do about it, Bob; the rest will do itself. Now I'm going to sleep; stop talking!"

The sun came out bright the next morning, and long before ten o'clock, the time the race was to start, it had burned away the thick fog of the night. The wind was still light, but here and there a stronger puff turned the water a darker blue and gave promise of a good breeze later on.

The race was the last of the series for the class of eighteen-footers and the one that in all probability would decide the ownership of the cup that had been offered to the boat winning the largest number of firsts. Of the seven races sailed on Wednesdays and Saturdays during the summer the Black Baby and the Adder had each won three.

There was great interest both among the native and among the summer population of West Haven in the outcome of the series; and in addition to the five racing knockabouts a dozen or more craft from a fifty-foot yawl to a sailing canoe were sailing short tacks in the vicinity of the judge's boat at the head of the harbor.

Bob and Ed had moved their boat back to its regular mooring before daylight and had had an interview with Mr. Sayres of the racing committee while he was eating his breakfast. After hearing their story Mr. Sayres had promised to put the matter before the other members of the committee and had cautioned the boys to keep absolutely silent about it meanwhile.

"I can't see anything the matter with the Adder," said Bob after carefully surveying their rival as they passed and repassed each other while waiting for the first starting gun. "Do you think they could have done anything to her after all?"

"If there's nothing the matter with her now, it's because Hawes and Kitson have found out the funny joke they played on themselves," replied Ed thoughtfully.

"What do you suppose they could have done to her?"

"Fixed the reef points so they'd tear the sail probably, or maybe they did something queer to the halyards or the sheet so they won't run. Yes, they must have found out, for everything looks as if it were working all right on her."

"Ed," began Bob hesitatingly as the first gun went off, "you don't suppose they could have done something that won't show up till they've started in the race? It would seem rather mean not to give them some warning. I'd hate to take a race on a thing like that, you know."

"Now see here," said Ed, "don't you get any of those foolish ideas into your head. If we win this race because something breaks on the Adder, you want to remember that Hawes has just given it to us with both hands by committing a state's prison offense! But I guess nothing will break on her today, and if we win, it will be because luck is with us, for Hawes is a good sailor."

The second gun was due to go off in just one minute, and after carefully calculating the distance to the starting line Bob put his boat about and ran for it. The gun sounded when they were a few yards away, and they crossed the line almost abreast of the Adder and a good length ahead of the other boats.

The wind was now nearly a good sailing breeze, and as the boats swept along close-hauled toward the first mark on the triangular course they were well over on their sides and left long parallel streaks of white foam to mark their wakes. Under Ed's direction Bob was steering and handling his boat well. He took advantage of the stronger puffs of

the rising wind to shoot her up to windward and succeeded in reaching the first mark without tacking; consequently he was well ahead of the Adder, which had been obliged to make one short tack in order to weather the buoy.

Ed let the sheet run and expeditiously set the spinnaker as they rounded the buoy. Things looked favorable. But Bob did not have the knack of getting the best out of his boat before the wind; when they passed the second buoy and started on the last leg of the course the Adder was a good four lengths ahead, and the three other boats were gradually creeping up.

"Now, Bob!" cried Ed encouragingly as he took a turn with the sheet round the cleat. "Show him what you can do with the wind against her. Sail her for all she's worth and don't mind how far you put the rail under!"

The breeze had freshened considerably, and the run back to the head of the harbor promised to be interesting. The waves had not had time to become large enough to impede their progress, and the boats seemed fairly to rip up the water in response to the vigorous gusts. Ed on the Black Baby and Kitson on the Adder were perched high on the windward rails, holding the mainsheet, ready to let out in case of a flaw heavier than their boats could stand. The spray was flying over everything in sparkling silver sheets, and the sails were wet up to the second line of reef points.

Bob, soaked to the skin and with his yellow hair standing on end, was holding the tiller with both hands; his feet were firmly braced against the leeward seat. He was on his mettle, and by the time they were two hundred yards from the line he had decreased the distance between himself and his rival to half a length.

Suddenly the Adder's port stay snapped with a loud report. The mast, unequal to the sudden strain put on it, cracked and splintered close to the deck, and the white, bellying sail, collapsing like a pricked balloon, fell into the water. The Black Baby swept by her dismasted antagonist and crossed the line a winner.

Half a dozen boats went instantly to the assistance of the unfortunate Adder, and many pairs of hands were soon helping Hawes and his mate to get the wreckage in some kind of shape. Ed and Bob, seeing that their help was not needed, sailed the Black Baby to her mooring and furled her sail. Then they rowed over to the judge's boat, both grimly silent.

George Hawes, whose face was crimson with anger, was just ahead of them, and they arrived in time to hear him shout to the little group on the deck: "I'm going to protest the Black Baby's win! I tell you my stay was cut—right where it was spliced to the turn-buckle!"

"This is certainly very unfortunate for you," said Mr. Sayres, calmly facing the enraged boy, "but what makes you think it was cut, and why should you protest the Black Baby?"

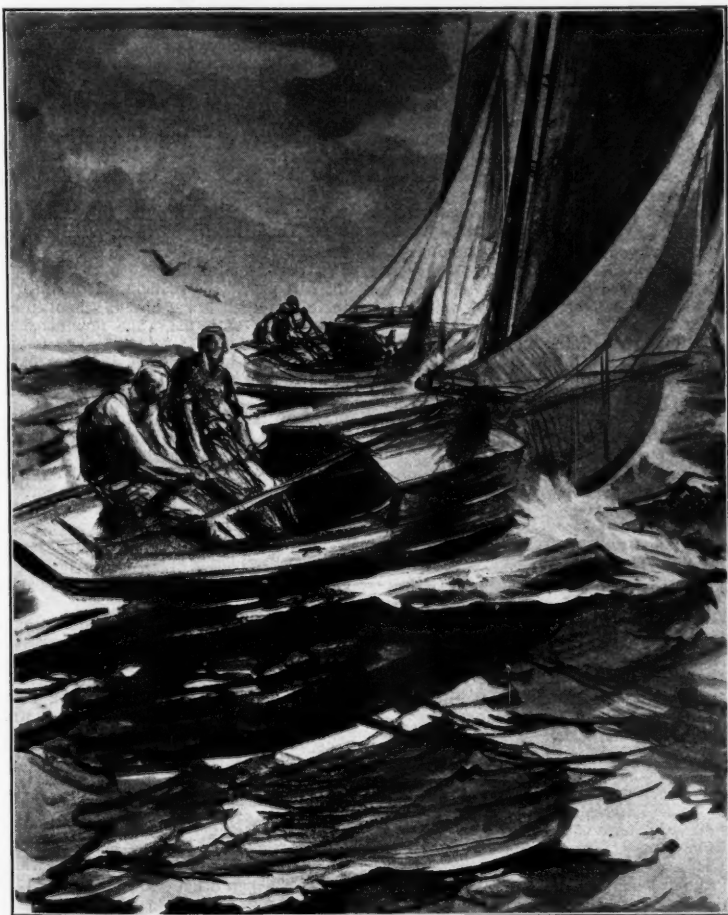
"I'll tell you why!" roared Hawes, shaking his fist at Ed and Bob. "Those fellows know all about it. They wanted to get even!"

"Hawes, listen to me!" said Mr. Sayres in a stern voice that everyone in the surrounding boats as well as those in the judge's boat could hear. "You can stop right there! I want to know what you and Kitson were doing out on your own boat last night in the fog, under the impression it was the Black Baby?"

Hawes started and then turned white. He moistened his lips; then he dropped his gaze to avoid the astonished and indignant looks directed toward him.

"I shall take up this matter directly with the rest of the racing committee, and you will

"Do you think they could have done anything to her after all?"



get a communication from us very soon," continued Mr. Sayres. "It is fortunate neither of you was hurt. Had I thought you were capable of such an outrageous act as cutting what you supposed was your opponent's stay I should have prevented your starting in the race. And, though I know Greeley would have preferred not to win this race by an

accident to his nearest opponent, I think, in view of what has happened, that he deserves to become the owner of this cup, which I present to him with much pleasure." And, taking a beautiful silver cup from its case, he handed it to the embarrassed and grinning Bob while the dishonored Hawes slipped over the rail into his skiff and rowed away.

DAKIN EARNS HIS BONES *By Mabel L. Robinson*

SARAH THURSTON finished packing her father's lunch box and her own. Then she put a bone of the generous size her fourteen-year-old fancy suggested into a paper bag, twisted the paper firmly and laid it on pa's box. "He can carry that along in his coat pocket for Dakin," she said to herself. "A dog gets pretty hungry outdoors all day."

She glanced round her kitchen to see that everything was all right to leave for the day, shut the drafts of the stove and, throwing pa's coat over her shoulders, ran out to the barn to see whether he needed help at the chores. She slid the big door back and stood for a moment peering into the gloom. Pa had just finished feeding the horses, and Dakin was trotting at his heels, busy and important.

"Comin'!" Mr. Thurston called out. "Ain't goin' to be late for school, are you?"

"No," said Sarah, "but, if you and Dakin are going to walk along with me, you'd better come. It's eight o'clock."

At the words "going to walk" Dakin forgot the importance of his business in the barn; out into the snow he dashed, barking back over his shoulder.

"Now you wait, Dakin," Sarah advised him. "Yes, you may go. You needn't be afraid to come back while I get my things on."

But Dakin would run no risks of being shut up for the day in an empty house. He was out waiting by the post box when Sarah and her father came down the path. When he saw them really coming he flung himself into a snow bank, tossed snow up on his nose, kicked it into a small blizzard behind him and then shot off up the road.

"Dakin's like the speed roadsters the summer people have," observed Sarah, "cut kind of slim and narrow and awful handsome and goes like a hurricane!"

Pa laughed. "Just about as useful too," he said teasingly.

Sarah gleamed at him from under her woolly green tam-o'-shanter. "Want to start off a day's cutting wood with a snowball down your back?" she asked.

Pa grinned and stared up at the sky. "More snow by night," he prophesied. "And then it'll be just right for hauling out the wood. I'll finish cutting today."

Sarah tramped along beside her father's big lanky figure. Her cheeks were scarlet with the cold wind from the ocean; her bright hair blew out from under the edge of her cap, which made her eyes look greener than the water. Sarah liked the winter—liked it, all shut in and cosy with pa putting round the house, liked the long evenings in the warm kitchen with her schoolbooks and with Dakin snoozing beside the stove. Now that pa had the job of cutting Mrs. Dakin's wood for next summer they could all walk up the road together every morning.

"Mis' Dakin's a good neighbor to us," remarked pa. "What with this job in a hard winter and giving you Dakin and all the things she does in summer, you ain't sorry you named your puppy after her, are you?"

"No," said Sarah reflectively, "though I was last summer when Bobby tried to get him away from me. Dakin may not be useful, pa, but I guess he earns his bones. You sure you have that bone?"

Pa poked the twisted end of the paper bag out of his pocket. "Sure," he said. "Well, here we are. Glad I'm goin' up the path behind the school instead of up the path to the door. Ain't you glad too, Dakin, hey?"



He was out waiting by the post box

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL

Dakin had halted, torn as usual by his desire to stay with both. Sarah shook a mittened fist at him from the schoolhouse steps. "You go on, mister, and don't you come sneaking back here in the middle of the forenoon to disturb everybody the way you did the other day. You stay with pa!"

Dakin cast a long and yearning look back at Sarah's implacable face. Then recollections of rabbit tracks and frenzied squirrels overtook him, and he dashed up the cart path.

Sarah turned slowly into the schoolhouse entry with its rows of little children's coats and rubbers. "Wish somebody in this district school besides me ever went farther than the fourth grade. Nobody old enough to be any good!"

She thought of the big gold-and-white collie running round up in the clean-smelling woods and of the clink of the axe in its snowy silence, and the schoolhouse seemed suddenly close and crowded, full of shut-up odors and shut-in noises. She sighed as she pulled off her cap and tried to smooth down the red-gold wisps of hair.

"Oh, well," she said, "tomorrow's Saturday. I'll go up and help haul after I get my baking done."

In the middle of the afternoon, looking out of the window while she waited for slow Sammie Slavin to recite his history topic, she noticed that it had already begun to snow. "Fine like dust," she thought. "That means a lot. Well, perhaps we can't haul tomorrow after all. Never mind; I'll get pa to make gingerbread."

Her mouth curled up at the corners as in her mind's eye she saw her father fussing round the kitchen, opening the oven door every five minutes to stick broom straws into the batter and finally cutting off the end piece, hot and spicy, and dividing it among the three of them. "Only Dakin just stands and barks at his piece till it's cool," she thought, grinning.

Her lips suddenly straightened. "My goodness, there he

is now, barking as if all the rabbits in the woods were headed toward the schoolhouse steps!" She started up in embarrassed haste.

The boys and girls giggled; Miss Bowen frowned. Sarah's face burned. "I'll send him right back into the woods," she said as Miss Bowen nodded to her to go to the door.

By that time Dakin was up the steps, and when Sarah opened the door he flung himself in with noisy impetus.

"Dakin!" she whispered fiercely. "You bad dog! What do you mean by disturbing everybody this way? What have I told you?" And, irritated and upset, Sarah seized a boy's hockey stick and waved it over him.

Dakin cowered, then burst into another volley of barks. As Sarah, desperate, caught

Dakin turned reluctantly. He could not stand still; racing back and forth, he urged her on.

"If I could only go like you!" Then she suddenly remembered comparing him with a speed roadster that morning; and here was pa, who had been teasing her, hurt somewhere in the woods. She broke into a run again. "It's a mile to the clearing," she thought, "and he might have been cutting farther in."

She was feeling as if her body were as heavy as iron when Dakin suddenly began to bark. He dashed from the cart path straight into the woods. Sarah followed, picking up the sled whenever it caught in the bushes. The snow was heavy now, and the woods were darkening in the short winter afternoon. As Dakin became quiet, through the utter silence came a faint "Hoo, hoo!"

"It's pa!" Sarah fairly sobbed with relief. "He can still holler anyway!"

Then she saw him crouched up against a pile of logs and covered with snow; he looked almost like a drift. He waved one arm stiffly. In an instant Sarah was beside him, brushing him off, hurling frantic questions at him, beating back Dakin's joyous onslaught.

"There, there," pa said soothingly, "I ain't so bad off as all that. But I must say I am kind of glad to see you comin'. I cut my leg, Sarah. Should think I might know better after all these years. Cut it kind of bad. Guess I can't walk. Tied it up, but lost a lot of blood." Sarah shuddered at the stains in the snow. "Guess you'll have to go back and get some one to help me out." He spoke with a kind of catch in his voice that alarmed the girl.

She sprang to her feet and dashed to the bushes where she had dropped her sled. "Leave you nothing!" she cried. "Now, pa, if you think I can't drag you down the path a little way, you're much mistaken."

Relief swept over the man's face when he saw the big racer. "Well, Sarah," he said, "you sure do use your head."

Sarah was too much absorbed to respond. "Easy now, easy!" She thrust her strong young arms under his and, half lifting, half pulling, got him on the sled. "I'll go slow, pa, and you tell me if I hurt. All right?"

Pa nodded, and Sarah picked up the rope. Dakin stood close by; his tail drooped, and his eyes looked perplexed and sorry.

Sarah peered about her in the pale gloom. "Which way, pa?" she asked. "I'm all turned round."

Mr. Thurston lifted his head from his bent knees; his eyes were bewildered with pain. "Out there's the road, I guess," he muttered, and the procession started.

The sled sank into the soft snow until Sarah could hardly move it, but she tugged desperately.

"It will be all right as soon as I get out on the cart path," she thought. "I do wish that there was a single big boy at school to have come along with me." She floundered and stopped.

Pa opened his eyes. "Ought to be out on the road by now," he said. "Why, ain't it dark?"

Sarah's heart gave a horrid thud. Suppose this wasn't the way? And pa with his leg hurt so he'd die if she didn't get him to the doctor! Her desperate glance fell on Dakin huddled up close to her father. "Dakin!" she cried. "Go home!"

Dakin stiffened and looked at her with startled eyes, but he did not move. "Go home!" she ordered fiercely. "Go on now!" And she started toward him threateningly.

Dakin quivered, thrust his nose into pa's sleeve and whimpered. Pa roused himself for a moment. "You'd best let him be, Sarah," he muttered. "He kind o' keeps me warm."

Sarah sobbed. Then she seized a branch from the ground and struck toward Dakin. He turned in the opposite direction from Sarah's course and moved slowly through the woods. Sarah caught up the sled rope and, gathering all of her energy, started after him. When the dog saw her coming he whirled in delight and raced back to the sled. Again Sarah drove him off. Back and forth went Dakin,



but he now seemed to understand the need. Sarah no longer threatened; she followed.

Round brush, between tree trunks; how much farther could it be? Each time the sled caught in a hollow or stuck on a snow-covered rock it was harder to move. Pa had lost interest now; he sat all hunched up, and Sarah noticed with terror that he swayed easily when the sled jerked.

"If he can't hold on, there's nothing I can do. Oh, won't we ever find the path? Maybe this way isn't right either!" Sarah was beginning to know what panic means.

Then she saw Dakin turn abruptly to the right and stand still, an alert guidepost marking the entrance to the cart path.

"We're out, pa!"

The triumph in her voice roused the dazed man. "That's good," he murmured; "but this ain't what you'd call a real state road, Sarah."

The girl felt something hot on her cheek. "Nice time to cry now," she thought scornfully. "If pa can make a joke, he's all right!"

She pulled the sled gently astride a rut of the cart path and began her valiant march out. It was easier going now; the path sloped gently downward, and there were no obstacles. But pa was a heavy burden; Sarah's palms were blistered through her wet mittens, and her shoulder blades ached.

"If only Miss Bowen has let some one

telephone for the doctor!" she prayed as she plodded along. "If only it isn't too late—"

Then far ahead of her she heard Dakin's ringing bark. It stopped a moment, then sounded nearer and nearer. The darkness and snow were too thick for her to see far ahead, and almost before her blinded, stinging eyes saw anyone approach some one seized the sled rope from her fingers, and beside her loomed big burly old Dr. Macurdy. He did not stop for more than a look at the man, but with a speed that Sarah, even now that she was free from her load, could hardly attain plunged down the path.

As she pounded on behind the sled she realized that a small boy was puffing along beside her.

"I got him, Sarah," panted Sammie. "The telephone wouldn't work, so I ran for him. He fetched me back in his sleigh so's I could show him the way. Is your pa bad?"

"I don't know—I don't know," Sarah sounded distracted. Then she said more steadily, "But I'll tell you one thing, Sammie Slavin, I'm obliged to you. Talk about the big boys' being more use—"

"Aw, shucks!" interrupted Sammie. "Good-by. I take this short cut home!" And he scuttled through a clearing.

In an incredibly short time Dr. Macurdy had pa bundled up beside him in his cutter sleigh. He glanced at Sarah. "Got to have

you at the house. Enough for both of us to do. Just tie that sled on back and hang on."

Sarah obeyed. Through the stinging snow the sled dashed and bumped behind the sleigh. Beside it, ahead of it, round it tore Dakin, mad with delight. He had his family together again, out of the woods, on the road toward home. And, moreover, they were going at the rate of speed that his temperament demanded.

The doctor stayed until his patient was comfortable. Pa sat propped up in bed, shaky and pale, but devouring a plate of hot baked beans with a good deal of pleasure. Sarah, limp and lame, but so outrageously happy that her hair and eyes shone like flames, settled a huge dish of scraps and a bowl of warm milk before the stove for the attentive Dakin.

"That's quite a dog you have, Thurston," remarked Dr. Macurdy, pulling on his fur gloves. "Just the kind I'd like to take round with me on my calls. Wouldn't care to part with him, would you?"

Pa grinned over his brown pile of beans. "That's Sarah's Dakin," he replied. "But she was just saying this morning that he wasn't so very useful. P'raps now—"

Sarah's eyes gleamed. "Guess he earns his bones, pa!" She piled an extra meaty one on the plate and offered it to Dakin. Dr. Macurdy chuckled and shut the door.

much. Once he had read of an unfortunate aviator who had crashed to the pavement in one of the lake cities, and one of the officers at the camp had said, "If he had gone down in the lake, there might have been a chance to save him." About five miles from the field there was a small lake, and Brooke now determined to bring the plane down in it. If the act would do nothing else, it would save them from the horror of fire. But if there was to be a rescue there must be some one on hand to aid them as soon as they fell.

Brooke drew an envelope from his pocket and, resting it on his knee, scribbled: "I'm coming down in the lake." He pulled off his leather helmet and rolled the message up in it. Pointing the plane toward one of the groups assembled below, he flew as low as he dared and when he judged he was directly above it threw his helmet overboard. He could not see that eager hands caught it up almost as soon as it touched the ground, but as he circled and mounted higher he could see that the men were running.

When next he crossed the field he saw half a dozen automobiles going down the road that led to the lake and, more ominous sight, an ambulance in the rear of the procession. He knew of course that the automobiles were speeding, but as he roared overhead they seemed to be crawling along like leisurely black beetles. So he turned back and flew about for ten minutes before he set out for the lake. He wondered how the captain was standing the suspense. Unaware as yet of the second accident, perhaps he would think that the recruit was flying because he was afraid to land.

When ten minutes had passed and the automobiles had vanished Brooke followed the road to the lake, which soon showed ahead of him, a shield of silver surrounded with trees. He flew across twice to calculate the distance. His comrades were there, and boats were ready on the water at either end.

He circled a little lower and then for the first time closed the throttle a moment. "Captain," he said crisply in the comparative hush, "loosen your belt. We've got to go down in the water. When we brushed those wires going up we lost a wheel."

"All right, Evans! Steady now and good luck, old man!" said the captain evenly.

"Sure, captain. The boys are down there with boats. We'll come through."

The engine roared again. Lower and lower they circled. And then Brooke skimmed along toward the water in indecision. Should he, as he came low over the lake, shut off the engine and let the plane drop as it would, or should he keep the engine running after the plane had touched the water? The technique of coming down in the water had not been part of his instruction. What he feared was that the machine would nose down instantly and entangle them so that they would drown before rescue could reach them. He must try to keep the nose up. If only he could settle the wings square on the water, they would hold the plane up until the captain and he could jump clear and swim!

"Pancake, Evans!" shouted the captain.

Brooke smiled slightly. Yes, he remembered. His mind was as clear as if he were on the ground, listening to instructions. He shut off the engine, pointed the plane down toward the water and then at the last moment pulled up enough so that the tail struck first. The plane cut through the water and stopped. Brooke sprang to his feet and turned to the captain. "We must jump now, captain. We're down."

The boats picked them up before the aeroplane was fairly engulfed. Brooke sat down on the bank by himself while the surgeon was looking at Captain Arnold's eye.

"Not serious," said the doctor. "Just a nasty cut in your upper eyelid. It's been bleeding rather freely. How did it happen?"

"I don't know. Something must have been thrown back by the propeller just as we were starting. I felt the blow, and the next moment I was blinded by the blood."

"Well, I'll say that was some feat, captain, bringing that plane down so skillfully. I wonder you could see to pilot it at all!"

"Skillfully nothing!" cried the captain rudely and wrathfully. "I'm not the hero of this little episode. I couldn't see a thing after I got that blow in the eye. And, as I explained once, that was when we were going up. Young Evans did the rest. I never knew we had lost a wheel until two minutes ago."

"Evans!" cried half a dozen voices.

Brooke was too wildly happy to speak to anyone just then. He could act like a man in an emergency. He had not lost his head; he had done well. He was a flyer.

STEADY NOW! *By Zelia M. and Harry L. Walters*

BROOKE EVANS was experiencing his darkest hour. Only twenty minutes before, gayly confident, he had ascended into the upper air with his instructor, Lieutenant Pierson. Evans was to have brought the aeroplane down by himself; he had thought he knew how, and he had pictured himself going up alone the next day. But from the moment of taking hold of the stick everything that he had so earnestly learned during the past few weeks had departed from him. He had done all the wrong things that his instructor would tolerate. Lieutenant Pierson had brought the machine down himself and then in emphatic terms had told young Evans just what kind of flying candidate he thought him.

Evans was shaken to his soul. He thought that everyone was looking at him and talking about his failure, and he felt sure now that he should never fly. He should never dare even to try again. And what, oh, what could he say to the folks back home?

His hand came up in salute as a captain approached. To the boy's astonishment the officer exclaimed in a cheery voice: "Hard luck, Evans! But we all went through it. You'll be flying with the best next week."

Incredulous joy changed the recruit's grief-stricken face so instantaneously that the captain barely repressed a smile. "O Captain Arnold, do you think I can learn?"

"Sure I do! I know you can. In fact you have learned, only you lost your head today. Buck up and better luck tomorrow!"

Like a friendless dog that has received a word of kindness, Evans turned and walked toward the barracks. But now his head was up; he knew he could fly. He'd show that fresh lieutenant!

Usually the officers were sparing of praise; but Captain Arnold was one of those rare souls who know when a word of cheer may make a man and when its lack may break him. The next day he ordered Evans to go for a flight with him.

Evans came, vibrating between hope and fear. He didn't know whether he was a passenger, student, observer or flyer. If Captain Arnold gave him a chance to fly, he must do his best; yet a small imp of doubt kept raising its head. Suppose he should fail as he had failed yesterday. His gratitude toward the captain kept him trying to strengthen the resolve that he must not fail.

As they took their places in the aeroplane the captain gave no indication of his intentions, but Evans noticed that the controls were in place in both seats. Apparently he was to have a chance at flying. The propeller whirled, the engine roared, and they were off.

As the aeroplane lifted, Evans, in the front seat, felt a sharp blow on his shoulder. He turned quickly, and in that brief instant he saw enough to send a chill up his spine. Something had happened to Captain Arnold; he had torn off his goggles; he held one hand pressed to his eye, and blood was escaping under his fingers. "Take the stick! Take the stick!" the captain was shouting.

There was no time to wonder or to sympathize or even to glance back a second time. Evans could think of only one thing: "I must bring it down! He can't see to guide it! It all depends on me!"

Even in that brief instant while he turned to his task came a nearer catastrophe. A telephone pole and its far-stretching wires loomed close before him. He pulled back on the stick, trying to keep the golden mean between haste and caution. There was the slightest possible jar, and he went on, thankfully feeling that he had missed the wires. He brought the machine round to circle over the field, for obviously his one job was to get down quickly and get the captain to a doctor.

With the plane flying level and only empty air ahead he peered over the side to pick out the landing place. He was still flying low, and he could not fail to see many men frantically rushing toward the pole that had threatened him with disaster. Now they were separating and waving wildly toward him. He crossed the field and circled back, greatly mystified. If they had known that a raw recruit was flying the plane, the fact might account for the excitement, but no one down there could know that some accident had happened to disable Captain Arnold.

As Evans swung round the field and passed the place again one man ran out from the others, holding up something for him to see. If the recruit had felt a thrill of terror



The tail struck first



DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER



The Memorial at Chaumont, France

The inscription is translated:

*For the friendship and aid of America
To grateful France:*

*The Homage of the Department of the Haute-Marne
and of the City of Chaumont.*

FACT AND COMMENT

CEASING TO DO new things and to think new thoughts—that is the real growing old.

No Weather is bad
When you're suitably clad.

LETTING A MAN GO WRONG because he is your friend is as foolish as spoiling a child because he is yours.

FEW MEN CAN SUCCEED on a farm that is not also a real home. The two are inseparable, and in that fact perhaps lies one of the secrets of good farming. The better home generally leads the way to the better farming.

IN AN AGE OF SPECIALIZED SERVICE relatively few people perform a given task, and few workers profess to do anything outside their experience. Untrained men cannot run railways, run printing presses, lay bricks or even mine coal. The system is wonderfully productive if every man does his part faithfully, but the balance of the whole social structure is always in the hands of a few.

AN AUSTRIAN INVENTION of interest is an apparatus that gives warning of any object that interrupts a ray of light, night or day. At one end of the space to be controlled is a searchlight that sends out a small beam. At the other end is a selenium cell, which is exceedingly sensitive to light. Anything that interrupts the light closes a circuit and sets a bell to ringing. The invention should be useful in catching smugglers and a help to coast defense in time of war.

IN PARIS any person who throws waste paper, refuse or litter of any kind or in the smallest amount on the streets is subject to arrest for breaking the law. The *gendarme* is likely to hand the offender a slip of paper, somewhat similar to the card our police hand to an offending automobile driver, that obliges the person to appear at a certain time before a magistrate. The punishment sometimes seems severe for a slight offense, but the result is clean streets.

AT THE LEAGUE BASEBALL PARK in Springfield, Massachusetts, the owners have installed a microphone and made arrangements with a local radio station to broadcast one baseball game every week. The microphone is not far from the home plate; radio listeners within the range of the Springfield station will hear the "sput" of the ball against the catcher's mitt, the decision of the umpire, the crack of the bat and a description of each play by a nimble-witted reporter.

THAT MOTOR SHIPS run with oil will supplant steamers is the prediction of many persons in the shipping business. Whatever the final verdict may be, many companies are experimenting with the new type of vessel. An authority says that since the beginning of the year more orders have been placed for motor ships than for steamers. Several of the steamers that the United States Shipping Board has sold are to be converted into motor ships, and at least one company is building a large passenger liner of the motor type.

A DOG THAT WAS BROUGHT before a California court for having bitten a child

seemed doomed to death in spite of an excellent reputation for good conduct. But the defense pointed out that the dog had bitten the child to save a bone, and on that evidence the judge ordered the case dismissed. "What more valuable property could a dog have than a large juicy bone," declared the judge. "Anyone trying to deprive a dog of such property has violated the latter's most sacred property rights, and it is an invasion which the dog has a right to prevent with force." From now on, it seems, a dog may gnaw his bone in security.

A BLOW AT "INDUSTRIAL COURTS"

THE Kansas Industrial Court experiment in the control of industrial disputes in the interest of the community at large is apparently doomed to failure. Ever since the court was established at the instance of former Governor Allen it has been the subject of continual discussion and dispute. The act that created it provided that all disputes over wages and conditions of work in industries of vital importance to the public should be referred to the Industrial Court, which should have the power to determine the questions at issue. Governor Allen's purpose was to prevent any interruption of the industries that supply food, fuel or transportation to the people of Kansas.

The court was unpopular with labor from the beginning. As at present led, labor values highly its right to strike in support of its demands and resents any attempt on the part of government to interfere with its pursuit of the highest wages it can get. The employers were at first more friendly to the idea of the court, but as they began to consider its working they grew lukewarm. It was on the petition of a meat-packing company, which objected to the order of the court obliging it to pay a certain rate of wages to its men, that the United States Supreme Court took under consideration the legality of the Kansas experiment. By a unanimous decision the Supreme Court has ruled that the Industrial Court acted unconstitutionally when it undertook to fix wages in the packing industry.

The Supreme Court justices held that the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution had been violated, and that the packing company had been illegally deprived of its property and its freedom of contract. They did not say that there were no industries that the public interest might properly require to be controlled by the Industrial Court, but they made it evident that they would not admit many industries to that class; they even specified mining as one that they could not admit to it. If the Industrial Court cannot control the production either of food or of fuel, it is hardly worth the expense of maintaining it. The present governor of Kansas, Mr. Davis, is anxious that the court should be abolished, and that, although his hostility to the court was well known, he was elected by a large majority indicates that the people of the state will not be unwilling to see it go.

With it will pass another interesting attempt to compel the settlement of industrial disputes in the interest of the "public." Whether, as Mr. Gompers thinks, there is no such thing as a consuming public apart from the various kinds of "producers," or whether that public really exists but is unable to organize itself and express its will, every effort to deliver it from the inconvenience of a position between the embattled armies of "capital" and "labor" and under fire from both seems destined to fail.

THE CRAZE FOR ANTIQUES

WE wonder whether at any other period of the world's history there was anything like the present rage for "antiques." If such a rage ever existed, it must have been during the decay of the luxurious Roman Empire. By many people old things are valued for their age and their consequent rarity at prices that to the unilluminated seem ridiculous. The museum spirit is abroad in the land. The work of an "old master," though it may have lost its beauty or never had any to boast of, will bring thousands of dollars in the auction room whereas living artists suffer under supercilious neglect. Do you remember the discussion over the wax bust of Flora in the Berlin museum? So long as it was supposed to be the work of Leonardo it was "priceless." Since it was found

to be the work of an English sculptor of whom few have heard no one talks about it any more. It is as beautiful as ever, but it has lost its value for the collector.

Since anything old that has the flavor of history or of quaintness is worth a good deal of money, the production of spurious antiques by cabinetmakers and jewelers and craftsmen has become a considerable source of income all over Europe—and to some extent in our own country. Not one in ten of the wonderful prizes for which wealth and uninstructed enthusiasm open their purses are genuine. Tapestries, oak and mahogany furniture, wrought silver and gold, illuminated manuscripts, all are skillfully counterfeited and palmed off on the gullest purchaser. It is probable that even the most intelligently conducted museums contain some frauds. Some of them are loaded down with them, and indeed one critic says that they all are. Let us hope that he exaggerates.

Meanwhile modern creative art in all of those fields languishes for lack of a public that knows what good work is and wants to encourage it. If the money that prosperous Americans spend each year on imitations and inferiorities could be diverted to the artists who are really capable of making beautiful things, now and here, the occupation of the counterfeiters and the auctioneer would be diminished, and something might be done to rescue art from the discouragement and futile eccentricity into which it has of late fallen.

ABRUPTNESS

ABRUPTNESS of speech is a characteristic of a low order of civilization. The savage is seldom fluent; he makes known his desires and communicates his thoughts with ungracious brevity. Persons of little education usually share to some degree this trait of the savage—not always because they are churlish in disposition, but because they are limited in their command of language and have not been accustomed to the exchange of verbal courtesies and amenities.

When we encounter a person who has had the advantages of education and of association with cultivated people, and who is nevertheless abrupt in speech and manner, we usually think him "grouchy" and rude. Often we are justified in our interpretation of his behavior; but sometimes a person who is abrupt in manner and curt in speech is the victim of excessive diffidence instead of being deliberately forbidding. A fear of saying too much, of not finding the right and appropriate words, a misgiving about the value of the thought that is seeking utterance, sometimes causes people to say less than they should and produces an effect of abruptness, of lack of geniality, when such an impression is the last that the speaker wished to make. So, in judging persons who seem at times unpleasantly abrupt, let us not hastily convict them of rudeness; give them at least the benefit of the doubt until they definitely show that they are not entitled to receive it.

Those who are misjudged because excessive diffidence makes them appear churlish and on their guard should remember that such diffidence is a form of egotism. They think too much about themselves and the impression that they will make on others.

THE MINERS' PLAN FOR THE COAL MINES

AT the request of President Harding's fact-finding commission on the coal situation the United Mine Workers have submitted their proposals for the future of the hard-coal industry. Their brief is drawn with ability, and it is apparent that they have had some excellent financial and legal advice in preparing it.

"Nationalization" is the keystone of their plan. They assert that the present rate of return on the capital invested in coal lands and in mines is excessive, and that it is concealed from the public by accounting systems especially devised for the purpose. They recommend that the present stock investment both of land companies and of mining companies be replaced by bonds bearing six-per-cent interest, and that the bonds be retired within fifty years through a sinking fund supplied from the profits of the industry. They do not at present specify any particular method of controlling the industry after the title to the mines has come into the hands of the government. They merely suggest that the control might rest "with the management, the public,

the miners, or a combination of the three." There is a hint of the Plumb plan in the final suggestion, and it is probable that it is that tripartite management which labor would in the end approve.

We have no means of knowing just how the general public would view the proposal to nationalize the coal mines. There is a widespread feeling that the present system, either through excessive profits or through expensive methods of distribution, makes coal higher than it should be, and the people have dared to hope that the fact-finding commission would discover just what the facts are. But we have heard little discussion of the project of nationalization outside labor-union circles. We have believed that the people generally do not think that nationalization will help them much financially, and that it would add other burdens and irritations that they would be glad to avoid. Nevertheless, no one is satisfied with the way the coal industry performs its functions now. The failure of the commission to make any satisfactory recommendations, or the failure of the industry itself to improve its methods and reduce the price of its product, might easily add a good deal to the existing sentiment in favor of nationalization.

It would be interesting to know how the United Mine Workers think we ought to deal with the soft-coal mines. That is a much harder and a much more important problem. The anthracite mines are far from inexhaustible. By the time the fifty-year bonds were paid off and the hard-coal mines had become national property there might not be enough anthracite left to be worth digging and selling at the price it would have to bring.

CHURCH UNION IN CANADA

ONE of the most remarkable movements toward church union that the modern world has seen has just come to a successful issue in Canada. Three of the leading Protestant communions in the Dominion—the Presbyterians, the Methodists and the Congregationalists—have agreed on the terms of an organic union and have established the "United Church of Canada." The movement is extraordinary for its extent, since it covers the entire country and includes much more than half of the Protestant population; for its persistence, since it has survived the delays and difficulties of nearly twenty years; for its thoroughness, since it is not merely a system of coöperation between different denominations, but an actual fusion of all the three elements into a new and united church; and for its theological significance, since it is perhaps the first example of a definite reconciliation of Calvinist and Arminian religious bodies after having been separated more than three centuries ago.

The new church has agreed on a doctrinal statement that has not the hard-and-fast character of a creed, but that sets forth the essentials of religious faith as the modern Protestant sees them. The statement, it is understood, is to be interpreted not by a central authority but by the living churches themselves. The church is to be governed by an assembly that resembles in some respects a Methodist conference and in other ways a Presbyterian synod. There are no bishops; there were none in the old Methodist Church of Canada. Church property is to be held and administered by the church at large, except that some or all of the existing Congregational churches are permitted to retain control of their buildings and endowments.

The United Church of Canada will number two million adherents or more, a third at least of the churchgoing population of the Dominion. It will be the largest Protestant church in Canada and will perhaps have more adherents than the Roman Catholic Church. It is not unlikely that in time the new organization may come to include other Protestant bodies—Baptists and Lutherans, for example, though at present both of those denominations regard their separate existence as necessary on doctrinal grounds.

The Christian world will watch the Canadian experiment with attention and hope. For four centuries the spirit of division has prevailed in the church of Christ and particularly in the Protestant branch of it. For a generation or more we have seen the spirit of reconciliation at work, striving to bring together the sundered members of that church. Often it has succeeded in a temporary way and to the extent of genuine coöperation in religious work; but never before has it triumphed so completely over the traditional differences in doctrinal assertion and in methods of church government.

Perhaps it is the first long step toward a genuine and organic reunion of the Protestant churches of Christ.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

Coming Next Week

How would you deal with the man who persistently turned his cows into your meadows—not to mention your corn? In an amusing story of country life entitled

GOOD NEIGHBORS

Miss Alice Margaret Ashton tells how one family cleverly solved the problem and still remained "good neighbors."

FLOWERS FOR ANNABEL LEE

is a story by Miss Marguerite Aspinwall to which every girl—and, we hope, some boys—will respond.

OUR PEARL BUTTONS

an article by Dr. E. P. Churchill, Jr., gives an account of an important and unusual industry and tells the amazing life-story of the fresh-water mussel.

RED-PEACOCK RICE

by Mr. Albert W. Tolman is an exciting tale of adventure in the treacherous and picturesque Orient.

CURRENT EVENTS

LI YUAN-HUNG, president of the Chinese Republic, whose resignation had been demanded by the militarists, fled from Peking by special train on June 13 to Tientsin, and on his arrival there was held a prisoner in the railway station. He was charged with having the government seals in his possession; he denied having them, but the troops were ordered by the governor of the province to keep him under guard until the seals were found. Li became president of the republic in 1916, but resigned a year later when there was a temporary restoration of the Manchu emperor. About a year ago he was recalled to the presidency, but factional troubles and financial difficulties handicapped his administration from the start.

MR. F. EDSON WHITE, president of F. Armour & Co., declared in a speech before the National Wheat Conference that, if one fourth of the wheat crop were used in fattening live stock, the farmer's annual loss would be turned into a handsome profit. He expressed the opinion that the annual surplus of wheat has long been one of the burdens of the farmer's life.

AT a dinner given in Moscow by the heads of the American Relief Administration departments some of the most prominent Bolshevik leaders not only extolled the American relief workers for their services to Russia but also expressed the hope that their benevolent activities might lead to a closer friendship and understanding between the two countries. On the same day in Moscow Zinoviev, chairman of the executive committee of the Third International, declared to the Swedish and English delegates who objected to antireligious propaganda, "Our programme is based on scientific materialism, which includes unconditionally the necessity of propagating atheism." So long as the Bolshevik régime persists in its peculiar propaganda it is idle for the leaders of it to try to court American friendship.

PROGRESS is reported in the plans for the Calais-Dover tunnel under the British Channel. It is estimated that the work will take from five to eight years.

SENATOR DAVID A. REED of Pennsylvania thinks that the two chief problems of the next Congress will be immigration and the equalization of income-tax burdens. He points out that the present system of taxing incomes discriminates in favor of the person whose income is unearned—that the man who works for his living may be taxed as high as 58 per cent of his income, whereas

the man who lives on his investments may escape with a tax of only 12½ per cent. Senator Reed will reintroduce the bill to restrict immigration to five per cent of the nationals of each European country resident in the United States in 1890. Under the present law the restriction is three per cent of those resident in the United States in 1910. Senator Reed's proposal would mean many more immigrants from the northern European countries and many less from southern Europe.

MOUNT ETNA, shaken by an earthquake, has burst out in a new eruption. Lava thirty feet deep and a mile and a half wide swept down over orange and lemon groves. No loss of life has yet been reported, but several thousand persons have had to flee from their homes. More serious in its destructiveness, so far as can be judged from the meagre reports, was an earthquake in Persia, which overwhelmed a number of villages and killed most of the inhabitants.

A DRAFT of a proposed liquor treaty extending the right of search and seizure to the twelve-mile limit, but not changing the territorial limit of three miles fixed by international law, is reported ready for submission to the leading maritime powers by the State Department. It provides that foreign ships carrying liquor may enter American ports if the liquor stores are sealed when the twelve-mile limit is passed, and that the United States shall have the right to search and seize vessels carrying liquor within the twelve-mile limit. Meanwhile, by a ruling of the Treasury Department, ships of foreign nations that are compelled by law to furnish their sailors with a wine ration are entitled to bring in as "medicinal supplies" such stocks as are necessary for that purpose.

THE German government continues to try all measures except that of compliance with the allied demands in its efforts to get the French and the Belgians out of the Ruhr. It has sent a note of protest to the powers not participating in the Ruhr occupation, calling attention to continued acts of what it calls "Franco-Belgian terrorism." Meanwhile the French have announced plans to take control of the coal and coke and raw material supplies of all the factories in the Ruhr.

THE Reichsmark currency, says the Fortnightly Review, is virtually dead. Only the government of the German Republic, and that not quite honestly, believes that complete, formal death can be postponed much longer. April and May, 1923, will be fixed by historians as the months in which the old dangerous illness became mortal. In those months the great stabilization plan devised by Dr. Cuno and President Havenstein of the Reichsbank as a weapon with which to fight France on the Ruhr broke down hopelessly; and at the same time the emptiness of the various international schemes for stabilizing the currency was proved. In the opinion of competent Germans the mark currency is finally doomed; and the stabilization that, of course, will come will mean an entirely new currency and the ruthless sacrifice of the microscopic values of notes, deposits, loan stock, mortgages and industrial bonds based on the mark. Within a few weeks the mark fell to a point where it took more than one hundred thousand to be worth one American dollar. Normally the mark is worth about twenty-four cents.

ON the opposite page we print a photograph of the monument that was lately unveiled by President Millerand of France in gratitude to the United States for the help this nation gave to the Allies in the Great War. The statue shows the figure of France pressing a wounded *pauvre* to her side while with extended hand she greets the American doughboy. The statue stands at Chaumont, which was the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force during the war. One of the touching things about it is that it was built from the subscriptions of the French people who live about Chaumont, and who came into close and constant contact with thousands of our soldiers. It is not a government enterprise, but the sincere and grateful tribute of the French people themselves—the farmers, workmen and tradespeople of the Marne Valley.



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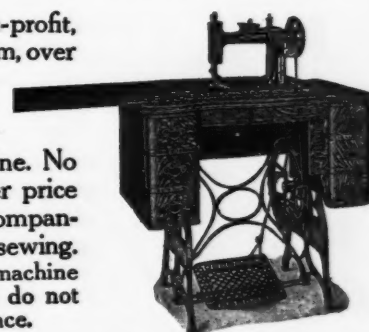


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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

By Clinton Scollard

One sunny morning time in May
Into a church of birch and beech
I wandered from the blue of day
And heard Jack-in-the-pulpit preach.

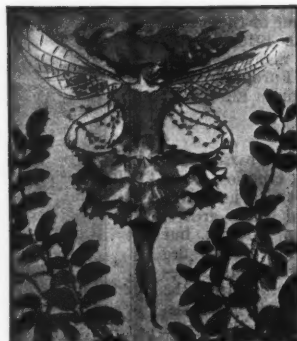
The robe he wore was green and red;
He spoke without the least pretense;
The grass below, the leaves o'erhead,
The shrubs around were audience.

The beetle was the sexton there,
And ants arrayed in black attire
The ushers were, and orioles fair
And wrens and robins were the choir.

When last the benediction word
Was said I homeward journeyed back.
I was so happy to have heard
The gentle gospel preached by Jack.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Opal was going to the Firefly Frolic

HOW OPAL EARNED HER COLORS

By Winifred Livingstone Bryning

OPAL was one of the loveliest but also one of the most selfish of all the Color Fairies. She lived in the old, old days when things did not happen at all in the same way that things happen now.

As Opal had no pretty clothes of her own and was too lazy to work for any, she always borrowed from her cousins—Emeralda, Ruby, Sapphira, Diamond, Topaz and Amethyst. They were hard-working fairies and did helpful and useful things under the guidance of good Mother Nature. In the summer time Emeralda colored the grasses and the leaves of the trees and shrubs; Ruby painted roses and all other red flowers; and Sapphira tinted the bluebells and forget-me-nots. Diamond put the sparkle into fountains and waterfalls, helped to scatter the dew on the grass and in winter put

all, was a sweet and gentle boy. Morning and evening he came out with his palette and brush and tinted the mountain mists and the smoke that hangs over cities. He also dyed the heliotrope and the lavender.

One day all the Color Fairies decided to call lazy Opal to account and to demand that she return the things that she had borrowed from them; but when they approached her Opal only tossed her pretty head and flitted lightly away. "I'm going to the Firefly Frolic, and I must have pretty clothes to wear," she called back over her shoulder. She flew on and on, feeling a little cross both with herself and with everyone else, till finally she bumped into a small cedar that grew on a mountain side and had to rest for a while on one of the branches.

At the foot of the cedar sat a little old woman brewing a pot of herb tea over a camp fire. When she saw the panting and exhausted fairy she said kindly, "Come down and have some herb tea, my dear."

Opal went down. "Who are you?" she asked.

"I am the mother of the little gray mountain folk," replied the old woman. "My children are miners, and they live down in the depths of the mountain side. They work hard and never get a chance to see the sun."

"Never?" asked Opal and felt sorry for the poor little gray mountain people.

"The fairies Emeralda, Ruby, Diamond and Sapphira gave me some lovely gifts for my little folk," continued the old woman. "With the aid of my white magic I shall make their gifts into lamps."

"What were they?" asked Opal.

"They were little bits of color," said the old woman, "red, blue, green and yellow." She looked at Opal's gay clothes as she spoke, and Opal felt uncomfortable because she remembered that they were all borrowed.

Just then Amethyst came into view. He alighted on a twig of the cedar tree and began to unwrap a tiny bundle that he carried.

"I have brought my gift for the little gray people who never see light," he said.

The old woman was delighted when she opened the bundle and saw that it contained a lovely box of lavender color. "Now I shall have an amethyst lamp for my little gray folk!" she said. "How bright the caves will be! I shall name all the lamps for those who gave them."

Then Opal looked at Amethyst, and a big tear rolled down her cheek. "O Amethyst!" she said sadly. "I have not earned the right to call a single color my own. What can I give the old woman for her children?"

Amethyst caught up a web of mountain mist and wiped the tear from her cheek. "You have your borrowed colors, you know," he said.

"But I shall have to return them all," said Opal, and she hung her head.

"Do come and see me when you have

returned them," said Amethyst, and he spread his gauzy lavender wings and floated lightly away. Opal decided to give up the party that the fireflies were giving and return her borrowed finery. When she had taken everything back to her cousins she went to Amethyst's door and knocked.

He came out looking somewhat worried. "O Opal," he said, "I'm afraid that I have given the Old Woman of the Mountain too much lavender. All of my red is gone, and I have very little blue left. I should have been more careful when I looked my paints over. In the morning I have to tint the mountain mist as usual. What shall I do?"

"Perhaps Ruby and Sapphira will lend you some of their colors," said Opal.

Amethyst shook his head. "I mustn't ask them," he replied. "No, I must think of some other way."

Opal began to consider what she could do to help him. "There are some red embers in the camp fire on the hill," she said after a little while. "The old woman left the fire burning. I will go and get you an ember."

Before Amethyst could stop her she had flown off and in the flash of an eye had returned with a glowing ember, and Amethyst found that he could distill red from it.

"And I know where I can find you some blue!" cried Opal.

She flew straight to the home of the Bluebottle Fly and knocked on his little door. He was more than usually cross, for he always went to bed early and hated to be disturbed. But he opened his door and shouted, "What do you want?" in a most disagreeable way.

"I want a little bit of blue in a bottle, please," replied Opal.

Bluebottle Fly sputtered and fussed for a moment, but he soon returned with a little bottleful of a strange, blue liquid.

"Opal," said Amethyst when Opal had returned to him, "you have done two good deeds, for which of course our queen will reward you."

He had hardly spoken before Opal cried, "What has happened to my dress?"

Amethyst looked and saw that her plain little dress had been transformed to a wonderful changeable fabric that held all the colors of the rainbow.

"The queen must have done it," said Amethyst. "She watches everything we do. Now, this means that you have a share in all these colors, I suppose. You can call them all your own."

"Now I can give something to the old mother of the little gray mountain folk!" cried Opal happily.

It was getting dark, but Opal flew down the mountain side till she found the old woman. "I want you to take a piece of my new dress," she said. "It is all my very own."

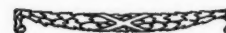
"No, my dear," said the old woman, "I don't need to take any of it. Your queen was here a moment ago and gave me a

FAIRY VEILS

By E. M. Brainerd

One night when I was fast asleep
I dreamed I saw some fairies creep
Into a field of daisies white
And dance to cricket songs all night;
Till when the sun began to rise
It took the fairies by surprise;
A hiding place they quickly found
And left their lace veils on the ground!

When I awoke and it was day,
I went out in the field to play.
Would you believe it? I saw there
Those lace veils hanging everywhere;
But while I looked, as I came near,
They seemed to fade and disappear.
Dad says the sun just melts the dew—
But I am sure my dream is true!



boxful of rainbow colors. "These are Opal's new colors," she told me. "She has earned them, and I want you to use some of them to make another mountain lamp."

At these words Opal looked happy. "In future," she said, "I shall help Ruby to care for the roses, and I shall rise early to care for the morning-glories and the blue-bells, and I shall help to water Emeralda's grasses and leaves. As for Topaz and Diamond, I shall be as sunny and bright as I can, for that will be a help to them."

"What about me?" said a sweet little voice.

Opal turned and saw that it was Amethyst who had spoken.

"I didn't know you were here," she said with a beautiful smile; "of course, you and I will always help each other."

DRAWINGS BY MAY AIKEN



At the foot of the cedar sat a little old woman

the dazzling lights in the icicles and snow crystals. Topaz gilded the black-eyed Susans, the sunflowers and the buttercups.

Amethyst, who was the youngest of them

MOON MAGIC

By Edith Ballinger Price

Once I woke up in the midst of the night
With the moon shining in on my face.
The room was all silver and shadowy bright
Like a wonderful fairy place.

I wanted to lie there and watch it till dawn,
For I never had seen it before;
But, oh! when I opened my eyes it was gone,
And the sun was all over the floor!



"All of my red is gone, and I have very little blue left"

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS

By Mary Laurence Turnbull Tufts

EVERY Sunday morning mother made corn-meal muffins. Father loved corn-meal muffins; so did mother, so did Bobbie, and, most of all, so did Timmy, who wished that mother would make them for breakfast every day instead of just for Sunday. Sometimes—when they had company—she made corn-meal muffins for supper, but having them when company came was just like having them on Sunday.

One day, after father had gone to business and Bobbie had gone to school, the postman brought an important letter to mother. Timmy took it to her from the postman himself and stood proudly by while mother read it.

Uncle Harry, whom the children had never seen, was coming that very afternoon to visit them. He would be there for lunch.

"I shall have to make something especially good—something that Uncle Harry likes," said mother to Timmy. "And I know just what I think I shall make. Do you know too?"

"Corn-meal muffins?" asked Timmy hopefully.

"That's a good guess," replied mother. "Uncle Harry likes them very much. Let's see how much corn meal we have."

Alas! the corn meal, so frequently used, was all gone. Not even a teaspoonful was left. What should mother do? Bobbie, the usual errand boy, was at school, and Timmy was not four years old and had never been to the store alone. Of course they didn't have to have corn-meal muffins, but Uncle Harry was so very fond of them, and Timmy liked them, and they would look pretty and brown on the table, and they would smell delicious. Uncle Harry would say, "Weren't you good to make corn-meal muffins!" and mother would smile, and everyone would be happy. Yes, they must have them. So mother wrote a note to the grocery clerk.

"Do you think you could go to the store for me, little man?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered Timmy eagerly. "Well, if you will go straight to the store and give this note and money to the grocery clerk, he will give you some corn meal for muffins. When you have the package you must come straight home again. Can you do that, Timmy?"

"Yes, indeed, mother," again answered Timmy. So mother put on him his warm reefer and his warm cap, his warm leggings, his warm mittens and his rubbers. Then she put the note and the money into a little pocket-book and gave it to Timmy. He started off feeling very important. Through the window mother watched him as he trudged all the way down their street until he turned the corner.

Timmy knew exactly where the grocery store was, for he had been there many times with mother. Sometimes he had gone with Bobbie, but he had never bought anything all by himself. He marched into the store confidently. To be sure, he was so small that his head reached only to the top of the counter, but he felt as large as anyone.

The grocery clerk was weighing out sugar for a customer and didn't see the little boy at first. Timmy waited a long time for the sugar to be weighed, the package tied, delivered and paid for. Then the grocery clerk asked, "What can I do for you, my little man?"

"Corn-meal muffins," answered Timmy at once.

"Corn-meal muffins? We don't keep them. Perhaps your mother wants you to get some of this bread or these rolls," said the clerk, trying to help the little fellow. "We have some very good rolls that were just baked this morning," and the clerk showed Timmy a whole panful in a glass case.

"No," and Timmy stoutly shook his head. "Corn-meal muffins." He held out his pocket-book.

"Perhaps mother sent a note. Did she?" said the clerk as he took the proffered pocket-book and opened it. Ah, there it was: "A package of corn meal and money to pay for it." The clerk smiled understandingly, reached for a familiar package and gave it to Timmy. "There you are, sir."

Timmy said, "Thank you," and trotted out of the store hugging the corn meal very close. Soon afterwards somebody else stopped in the store for a package of the very same thing. Somebody else was a tall grown-up

person with long legs. As he came down the walk he soon overtook little Timmy still hugging his package. Somebody else looked down at small Timmy and noticed the familiar package. "M-m, corn meal," he grunted to himself.

Timmy looked up at the tall person beside him and recognized his package. "Corn-meal muffins," he murmured.

"Yes," said the stranger. "They're good, aren't they?"

Mother was at the window watching for Timmy to come back. Who was the tall man walking at her little son's side? Why, goodness me, it was Uncle Harry himself and with another package of corn meal!

And all the rest of the week Timmy did not have to count days until Sunday, for he had corn-meal muffins for breakfast every morning.

A THOUGHT

By Laurence B. Goodrich

*In a little bush by the pergola
Where the climbing ivy grew
I found a soft and tiny nest
That held four eggs of blue.*

*Four tiny purple seeds I placed
In the earth by the garden wall.
It seemed unlikely they would grow—
They were so very small.*

*Yet—chipping sparrows chirp to me
Today from my garden low,
And in the sunshine by the wall
Three scarlet poppies blow.*

THE UNHAPPY LITTLE MARBLES

By Elsie Parrish

ONCE upon a time there were two unhappy little marbles. One was green and one was striped with red. They were unhappy because they belonged to a little boy who didn't really care for them! He didn't really care for them because he had a great many other marbles and a great many other toys too.

One day when he was playing with his marbles he lost two of them, the very two that were so unhappy. The little boy did not try to find them, for he didn't miss them; he didn't even know that they were lost.

It was on the top of a hill that he lost them, and down they rolled, side by side. At first they were frightened, because they had never been far and they felt very small indeed in such a big world; but on they rolled until they came to the foot of the hill.

At the foot of the hill there was a little cottage, and playing in front of the cottage was another little boy. Since he had no toys at all,—not even one,—he was having a good time with some small bright-colored stones, but he was wishing that they were round because then they would roll like marbles.

Down, down the hill rolled the two lost marbles until they rolled right into the hands of this other little boy who was playing with small bright-colored stones, and who was wishing that they were round so that they would roll like marbles.

"Why!" cried this other little boy. "Here are two real marbles for me, mother. One is green, and one is striped with red!"

You may be sure that he never lost them even for a moment, and that the two little marbles were never unhappy again.



NATURE & SCIENCE

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.—The great importance of ethylene, the new anæsthetic that was recently discovered by two Chicago University doctors, lies in its having no poisonous effects. It neither acts on the heart nor produces nausea. The patient may even eat and drink before an operation without danger or discomfort. It gives complete anesthesia in an extraordinarily short time, often within a minute.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—Last summer, says the Literary Digest, a grove of catalpa trees near Troy, Ohio, was almost defoliated by the ravages of caterpillars. Then the aeroplane came to the rescue. Flying over the grove and spilling arsenate of lead from a hopper attached to the fuselage, the aeroplane accomplished in one minute what could hardly have been accomplished by twenty of the most powerful liquid spraying machines. The experiment was completely successful. Nearly all of the caterpillars were destroyed.

THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY.—A recent report of the progress made in building the Pan-American Railway shows, says a news dispatch, that between sixty-five and seventy per cent of it has been completed. The road will furnish a through overland service from New York to Buenos Ayres and will cover 10,116 miles. Through railway passage is now possible from New York to the Guatemala border, and from Guatemala to the Canal Zone about half of the line is finished. The longest uncompleted stretch is from the Canal Zone through Colombia, Ecuador and Peru.

A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.—The design for the great Confederate memorial that will be cut on the face of Stone Mountain near Atlanta, Georgia, is so large, says Popular Mechanics, that the usual method of enlarging from small-scale models is impractical. To overcome the difficulty the sculptor has projected on the cliff a picture of the models that has been enlarged to the specified dimensions. To retain the picture for use in the daytime the surface of the cliff will be coated with a solution similar to that used in the wet-plate process of photography and a time exposure made. After the exposure has been made the huge negative will be "fixed" by pouring barrels of chemicals across the face of it. The picture will be traced in white to guide the work of the carvers.

EATING UP THE FLAMINGOS.—Something must be done to save the flamingos from extermination, not, says the Boston Herald, because men covet their feathers, but because they relish their meat. The birds are so unfortunate as to have tender flesh when they are young, and, being easy to see and easy to kill, are being rapidly destroyed. Florida saw the last of them decades ago, and now that there are barely twelve hundred of them on the island of Andros in the Bahamas bird lovers are rallying for their protection. The Audubon societies ask that the birds be protected for the sake of science and in the interest of natural beauty. One noted authority has said that a flamingo colony seemed to him the most wonderful thing he had ever looked upon in the bird world.

"REID'S YELLOW DENT."—Plans are under way to provide for the family of James Reid, whose patient effort produced "Reid's yellow dent" corn, which, according to the Journal of Heredity, is the most valuable kind of Indian corn ever produced. The first work in creating the strain was done by Reid's father, who began by crossing two distinct varieties of yellow corn. From the result of that cross James Reid produced a variety that proved to be adapted to a wide range of conditions and that has served as the foundation of a number of strains. The type was so strongly marked that in spite of hybridization and selection to meet various conditions the results of Reid's work are still evident in a large part of the yellow corn now grown.

PLOWING A TEN-FOOT FURROW.—A monster plow that turns a furrow ten feet wide is said to be the latest implement for use on sugar plantations. Gangs of blades that have a circular motion both turn and pulverize the soil at the same time. The plow is hauled by an internal-combustion engine of 120 horse power with caterpillar traction. Under favorable conditions the plow will turn over about twenty-five acres a day.

AN OXYACETYLENE PANTOGRAPH.—An adaptation of the pantograph to the oxyacetylene flame is one of the latest efforts to control mechanically that powerful agent for cutting cold metal. According to the Scientific American, the pantograph has an electrically driven wheel that follows the pattern and both advances the cutting flame at a given rate, depending on the thickness of the metal, and guides the flame accurately either in straight or in curved lines.



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Politeness Saves the Day

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

*A big, brown-yellow bumblebee
Flew to a flower to see*

*If he could find some honey there;
But on a petal stopped to stare,*

*For in the flowery cup there sat
A common little summer gnat.*

*"Well, well!" said Mr. Bumblebee.
"That honey, sir, belongs to me.*

*"Come out at once, you naughty gnat,
Or I will teach you this and that!"*

*The little gnat just rubbed his eyes,
And said, "You take me by surprise.*

*"Though—pardon me!—this honey's mine,
Good neighbor, come right in and dine.*

*"There's room enough, with sweets to spare.
Just hang your hat up anywhere!"*

*"You see, dear sir, I came here first—
In fact, before this bud had burst;*

*"And so I own the honey cup.
But do come in, sit down and sup!"*

*The bumblebee who wished to boss,
No longer could be very cross;*

*He doffed his dusty yellow hat,
Bowed low and dined with that good gnat.*

A PARENT SPEAKS

By Mary Carolyn Davies



There is no other thing
So sure as suffering
To make a man a king.

We who have suffered know
That this is so.

Yet how we frown
To see Archbishop Life with
stately tread
Approach and put upon our own
child's head
That crown!

TWO SPRINGS

THE one charm of the poor little English home was a spring at the foot of the garden. The little boy who romped and played in the garden often went to the spring to slake his thirst. Its waters were always sparkling, clear and cold. And when his arms were strong enough he brought from the spring the water needed in the home.

When he became older and the time came for the boy to gain his own living he had to leave his home and cross the sea. In this great land of opportunities he found work and, toiling diligently, achieved prosperity. He remembered his mother, and his regular remittances permitted her to keep the old home and to live comfortably. After thirty years of absence the man went home. After welcoming him warmly his mother handed a pail to him and said:

"Here, laddie, take this pail and run down to the spring for a pail of water that I may make thee a cup of tea."

"What!" he exclaimed. "Is that old spring still flowing?"

"Aye, aye, laddie," said the old mother. "Tis the same as ever. 'Tis like the spring of Everlasting Life the Father places in the soul—full and fresh and ready for all who will come and drink of it."

The man hastened down the garden path to the spring. He drank deep drafts of the water and as he drank he thought. His mother's words "searched the innermost thoughts of his being."

"And I thought this spring had gone dry," he said to himself, "just because I did not visit it. O God, I fear that that other spring my mother spoke of has also become almost naught to me; not because it has failed; the failure is in me. O Lord, give me again, as in boyhood days, to drink of thy spring!"

"Thou hast been a long time fetchin' the water," said the mother when he returned.

"Aye, aye, mother," said the man, lapsing into his boyhood dialect. "I've been drinkin' deep of the spring. In fact, I've visited two springs, mother," he added with shining face, "this and the other spring you spoke of. The water of one is as good as the water of the other, mother, and as free to all comers."

His mother looked at him with glistening eyes. "Aye, lad," she said, "I'm right glad to hear thee say that; for, from thy loud free words and what things I've missed in thy letters to me, I feared that thee had failed to visit the Lord's own spring while in a strange land. But 'tis all right now, and I'm right glad."

"It is all right now, mother," said the man, "thanks to you and to the spring and to Him who gave you both to me."

VACATIONS

"SUE! O Sue!" Sue Glennon, bringing an armful of dresses from her closet, looked over her head at Judy, who was on the floor beside her trunk with a shoe in one hand and a tennis racket in the other. Sue's expression was one of resigned exasperation.

"I've been expecting it at any minute," she declared. "Speak up; what is it? That you think the seven Flannigans ought to have a vacation in your place? Or would you prefer to send all the telephone operators down the river for a day? Or give an automobile ride to all the children on the South Side? Tell me the worst, and let's have it over with."

"Oh, don't I wish I could do all those things!" Judy cried wistfully. "I wonder—"

"Quit it!" Sue commanded. "You need a vacation, and you're going to have it if I have to take you by the hand. If you're thinking of not going, you might just as well save your breath!"

"I wasn't," Judy protested and made a saucy face. "But, Sue, if we haven't been stupid! You know how I've worried over Marda Diven—she is still so weak after her operation and yet has to go back to that tiny hot flat; and you know how much I wanted to send her somewhere, but she couldn't go without her mother."

"Yes, I know," Sue admitted guardedly. "Well," replied Judy, "all the while here is our cool apartment with a sleeping porch! Marda and her mother could use it just as well as not

while we're away. Mrs. Diven could do her sewing a thousand times better here than in their hot rooms; she could use your electric machine. The little extra on our bills would be a small gift to make. O Sue, can't we? And can't we leave the table set with flowers and candles for a little party? We'd have time to fix it before we left. Wouldn't it be lovely to think that our vacation was giving a vacation to two tired people as well? O Sue!"

The exclamation was one of joy, for Sue's face was a reflection of Judy's, though she tried hard to make her voice sound matter-of-fact.

"Well, for once," Sue admitted, "you've made a sensible suggestion, Judy. If it isn't too late to persuade them—"

Judy was already at the telephone. "If they can't come on such short notice we can carry them the key," she said over her shoulder. "I'm going to ask Bea Powers if she won't run me down there straight away. I'll finish packing when I get back. West 2701, please."

THE FORGED PASSPORT

"OFFICIAL!" is a magic word in Europe, especially in Russia. An official-looking, but worthless, piece of paper will often admit you to places when the best of reasons will not. Sir Paul Dukes, whom the British government sent to Russia on a secret mission, knew the magic of the word. So when he had to cross the border of Finland in the guise of a Russian friendly to the soviet régime he set about finding an "official" passport for himself. In the Atlantic Monthly he says:

I had been told that I might safely leave that matter to the Finns, who kept themselves well informed about the kind of papers that would allay the suspicions of Red guards and officials. We passed into a sort of office where paper, ink, pens and a typewriter were on the table.

"What name do you want to have?" asked the cadaverous Finn to whom I had intrusted my fortunes.

Because of my slightly non-Russian accent we finally agreed upon a Ukrainian name, which we thought would help to disarm suspicion. One of the men sat down at the typewriter and, carefully choosing a certain kind of paper, began to write. The cadaverous Finn went to a small cupboard, unlocked it and took out a boxful of rubber stamps of various sizes and shapes. "Soviet seals," he said, laughing at my amazement. "We keep ourselves up-to-date, you see. Some of them were stolen; some we made ourselves, and here is one that we bought over the river for a bottle of vodka."

When the Finn had finished writing the official certificate, which informed those whom it might concern that I was in the service of the "Central Executive Committee," he chose from some soviet papers on the table one with two signatures and copied one of the signatures in a scrawling hand beneath the text of my passport. The other signature he told me to copy as nearly as possible.

"Have you a photograph?" asked my mentor. I gave him one that I had had taken recently. Cutting it down small, he stuck it on the side of the paper. Then, taking a round rubber seal, he made two imprints over the photograph. The seal was red and had the same inscription inside the edge that was printed at the head of the paper. The inner space of the seal consisted of the five-pointed Bolshevik star with a mallet and a plow in the centre.

"This is your certificate of service," said the Finn. "We will now give you one of personal identification." When the second paper was prepared I was fully equipped for crossing the boundary and making my way to Petrograd. A friend of mine, by the by, once traveled from Petrograd to Moscow with no other passport than a receipted English tailor's bill that had a big printed heading with the name of the tailor, some English postage stamps attached and a flourishing signature in red ink!

"COPPER GOLD" AND A PANIC

THE great panic of 1873 taxed the resourcefulness and confidence of many people. Two brothers, Philip and Samuel Small, who possessed both those qualities ran a store in York, Pennsylvania, at that time, where besides their regular business they acted as bankers for most of the people in the community. Mr. A. B. Farquhar, in his autobiography, tells how they acted in the first mad morning of the panic.

I looked in on them, he writes, to see how they were making out. I found them as calm and careful as ever in the offices of their store and ready to meet all comers. Their bearing was in no way different from usual, and the crowd of excited farmers and townspeople that jammed every inch of the open space and extended out into the street might have been customers clamoring to buy, for all the effect it had on the Smalls. They were of that sturdy, canny old American stock which was equally unafraid of work and of trouble. But as usual they were ready; behind them were ranged neat piles of gold and greenbacks, and farther back in the shadow lay a great open sack out of the mouth of which overflowed on the counter what looked like a stream of gold coins that

they evidently had not had time to stack. They were not making any excuses or promising to pay "tomorrow" or any other later day; they were ready to pay everyone then and there, and as each depositor presented himself they looked up his account, calculated the interest and counted out the money, always remarking as they did so something to this effect: "We are glad to give you back your money, but you must understand that you are never to come into this store again to ask us to care for your money."

To be ostracized by the Smalls meant something; to many it meant more than gold, though the gold was there for the asking. So two streams of people shoved their way out back through the crowd, some with money in their hands, the others empty-handed but satisfied that their money was safe. In a couple of hours the crowd was convinced that the Smalls were sound, and the same emotion that had begun the panic now vented itself in loud hurrahs for the brothers.

When the store cleared the Smalls started gathering their money to put it into the safe, and as they swept the overflow back into the great bag one of them, with a half smile, tossed a coin to me. "Keep that as a remembrance," he said. It was a big bright penny. When they had heard of the failure of Jay Cooke the day before Philip had gone to the Philadelphia mint and had drawn a newly minted stock of big copper pennies! The real gold they had piled in plain sight. The "copper gold" had lurked more discreetly in the shadow. Samuel and Philip had stood out there as bravely and as unconcerned as if every copper penny had been a gold eagle. Of course they were solvent,—they were the richest men thereabouts,—but of course also they did not have all their wealth in currency.

A CURIOUS BOOKCASE

A SHORT time ago, writes Prof. Woodbridge Metcalf in American Forestry, a student in the University of California had his attention attracted by a small narrow scar near the base of a large Digger pine growing on his father's ranch in Mariposa County, California. The tree, which stands on the crest of a little knoll overlooking the valley, has been a landmark for years.

One day in a moment of idle curiosity the young man ran the blade of his knife into the scar and felt it strike something soft. A few probes brought to light tiny bits of paper, on one of which a figure could be read. With visions of buried treasure, directions for finding which might be contained in the mysterious paper, he got a sharp axe and began to cut carefully into the tree above and below the old scar.

After he had cut through several inches of new growth old axe cuts appeared, showing that a V-shaped notch about four inches wide at the outer edge and four inches deep had been cut into the tree. The accompanying illustration shows the old notch. The young man could see the annual rings of growth laid on by the tree in closing the wound.

The object that was finally uncovered proved to be a small leather-bound prayer book or devotional book, probably issued by the Methodist



The cut that exposed the book



As a rule books look better than this after sixty years in a trunk

Church, for the index contains frequent references to the writings of the Wesleys.

In growing over the wound the tree had covered the volume with a coating of pitch, so that the cover was still somewhat flexible. The paper is in good condition, and the print is legible, but because of the pressure that the tree exerted on the book you cannot turn the pages.

A search for a duplicate of the little volume

revealed one with somewhat similar binding and type that was printed in 1849. Ring counts have not as yet been made on the cut, but it seems altogether likely that the tree has had the book in its keeping since the early fifties. Why or by whom it was put into the heart of the old tree no one can guess.

TRAFFIC TANGLES IN PEKING

CHINESE cities fortunately have no automobile problem to deal with. Yet, according to Miss Ellen N. LaMotte in her recent book Peking Dust, there are plenty of problems for a Chinese traffic "cop" to attend to when so disposed.

"We got caught," she writes, "in a block the other day. At the intersection of two cross streets, narrow little hutongs about eight feet wide, four streams of traffic collided and became hopelessly entangled in a yelling, unyielding snarl. From one direction came a camel train from Mongolia; from another came three or four blue-hooded, long-axed Peking carts. Along a third street came a group of water carriers and wheelbarrows, and from the fourth came half a dozen jinrikishas. All met and in a moment became thoroughly mixed up. As there was no traffic regulation of any kind, each man believed that he had an unalterable right to go ahead. It was pandemonium in a minute, with yells and pushing and men whacking one another and the beasts indiscriminately. Over the tops of the blue-hooded carts the tall camels raised their scornful heads and surveyed the commotion with aloof disdain. In fifteen minutes the snarl somehow cleared itself, and it was the camels that first managed to slither by; then each vehicle unwound itself from the mess and passed on."

A little later she was blocked again; but that time there were no camels to "slither by"; it was jinrikisha against jinrikisha; about a dozen from either direction had met in an alley six feet wide. Again remonstrances passed quickly into shouts and invectives, and in the height of the hullabaloo the jinrikisha boy just ahead of her managed to slide through, with her boy Kwong pulling her just behind. But the feat was achieved through making use of the passage that was cleared for a young Chinese official in rich brocades, who shouted an insult into the ear of the presuming Kwong as he passed. Kwong furiously retorted.

"Instantly," says Miss LaMotte, "the young official jumped down, dashed up to Kwong and struck him between the eyes. Poor little Kwong staggered and dropped the shafts, and I leaped out and caught the wrists of the young gentleman just as he was aiming another blow. What happened? While I held him firmly pinioned Kwong recovered and dealt him a succession of stunning blows. The official would have fallen except for my hold on his wrists."

"Kwong, stop it! Behave yourself!" I shouted and released the official in order to seize the boy. Thereupon the young gentleman pounded Kwong anew. I was unable to hold the hands of both; and my part soon resolved itself into impartially holding up first one, then the other, for punishment!

"At a modest estimate I should say that one half the population of Peking streamed out of adjacent lanes and burrows to see the excitement. Some one shouted in English for the police, and the boy of the jinrikisha ahead finally ended the affair by coming to Kwong's rescue and heartily kicking the brocaded and belligerent young official. It was too much! To go out on an innocent shopping expedition and become involved in a free-for-all fight! Some one of us certainly lost face by that episode; whether the official or Kwong or myself I'm not sure."

"Just one fact stands out clearly amid that maze of swift events. At the end of the street stood a Chinese policeman. One hasty look and, seeing that some foreign ladies were concerned, he had decided to keep out of the affair. He kept his back turned the entire time and his hands tight in the pockets of his padded trousers!"

MR. PEASLEE'S EIGHT OR NINE MINUTES

WHEN I was a youngster," Caleb Peaslee remarked as he drove his loaded wagon up to the platform of the village store and, dismounting, critically examined the running gear, "my father used to have a sayin', 'Haste helps, but hurry hinders!' I s'posed, hearin' it mebbe every day whilst I was a growin' boy, I'd laid it to heart 'nough to heed it when needful, but I guess I didn't." He straightened his back with an effort and smiled ruefully. "Sprung that hind exe an inch, I should say—mebbe more; it's a job for some blacksmith anyway."

Deacon Hyne, who had abandoned his seat on the platform to assist at the "diagnosis," nodded. "It's blacksmith's work, no two ways about it," he decided. "What'd you do to give it sech a crook as that, Kellup?"

"Done it tryin' to hurry," replied Mr. Peaslee succinctly. "I wanted to make haste, but I knew better'n to try to hurry if I'd stopped to think."

After a moment's reflection he went on: "I was tryin' to count up the things that fetched it about. There was the flock of sheep—that'd be one; and the dog is two; and the gander down at Mis' Olin Bisbee's makes three; and old Prince gittin' his tail over the rein is four; and my tryin' to cut in ahead of the mess with a load agin what ought to have been my better judgment makes five. And"—he sighed resignedly—"addin' 'em all together brings for an answer a sprung exe and

twenty minutes' time lost, when the most I stood to gain was less'n a minute!

"I planned this mornin'," he explained, "to git this stuff loaded bright and early and drive down here with it and then git back home to do some work in my garden b'fore it got so meltin' hot as 'twas yes'day forenoon. I like to've baked in that garden yes'day about noontime; part of the time I steamed like a kettle of water!"

"So whilst my wife was gittin' breakfast onto the table I went out to the barn and loaded and even got the harness onto the hoss, figgerin' each minute saved then would be as good as two later in the forenoon workin' in the garden. I got kind of int'rested keepin' 'count of the time I was forrardin' myself,—a minute here and two minutes there, you know,—and by the time I'd gone in to breakfast I cal'lated I was eight or nine minutes to the good, time 'nough to hoe and weed a row of beans the whole length of my garden."

"So as soon's I'd fairly swallered my breakfast I hooked the hoss into the wagon and started along down here with my load, with the idea of throwin' it off in a hurry and gittin' right back. I got along all right till I rounded the turn jest the other side of Mis' Bisbee's; and there I sighted a flock of sheep comin' across the field with that sprout of Joe Witham's drivin' 'em, the one that always carries his mouth half open. He had a dog with him to herd the sheep along, but the sheep hid him, so I didn't see the dog."

"It was plain 'nough what the boy was aimin' to do; he was shiftn' the sheep from the field on that side of the road to the new field on the other side, where the grass ain't fed down so close. There was seventy-five or a hundred of 'em, and with the idea of not losin' any of those eight or nine minutes I'd saved I reached in under the seat and fetched out the whip, cal'latin' to brush old Prince up a mite and git to the gap in the fence ahead of the sheep. Then I wouldn't have to halt and wait for 'em the minute or so it'd take 'em to cross the road."

"Mebbe I'd have done it too, only when I fetched the old hoss a lick with the whip I guess he thought it was a hossfly bitin' him, for he fetched his tail a switch and locked it solid over the rein jest as I come even with the gate in the fence; and when I hit him another lick on the other side to see if I could make him switch his tail the other way he give a snort like a trumpet, and that snort started the gander, which I'd never laid an eye on till that minute!"

"Well, Hyne," said Mr. Peaslee, "you know what kind of an uproar a gander'll make when he begins squallin'; enough to start a hoss even if everything else is quiet. But nothin' else was quiet! The first squall the gander sounded it started everything and all at once, seem's if. One minute I'd been joggin' along peaceable 'nough to go to sleep, and the next minute there was a gander screechin' his head off, and a hundred sheep all blattin', and a dog barkin' fit to go crazy, and the boy hollerin' at the sheep, and my hoss snortin' and backin'; and then I didn't have any better sense than to try to hurry!"

"I was maddened a mite at the way things had gone, and 'fore I give thought to it I'd reached out and hit the old hoss a good cut with the whip. Think of it—with his tail over the rein! And from the time I done that it wa'n't more'n a dozen winks 'fore the trouble was 'complicated, fur's I was concerned!"

"When I hit him he give a jump, and with the rein locked under his tail I had no guidance at all over him; so he took off quarterin' to one side of the road, and the next thing I know for certain he'd fetched up agin a boulder half as big as a barrel, and I was out on the ground with half the load on top of me, seem's if, and the hoss fetched to a halt by gittin' the forrard wheels locked round the trunk of a little elm tree—and the latter end of the sheep was jest follerin' through the gap in the fence with the dog and the boy with 'em. The gander had made his way toward home; I could hear his squallin', 'sif he'd done somethin' he wanted to brag of!"

"That's all there was about it, only by the time I'd got the hoss unsnarled and righted the wagon and loaded the stuff back onto it my eight or nine minutes that I'd saved in the mornin' had gone to waste and twenty minutes more with 'em. And right then, 'stead of thinkin' of it in the first place when it would have done some good mebbe, I called to mind what my father used to tell me about the difference 'twixt haste and hurry. But I'll tell you; mebbe it'll help you if it didn't me!"

THE BLACKSMITH OF BOUSSOIS

THE pitiful story of Jules Strimelle, the village blacksmith of Boussois, a little French village near Maubeuge, writes a contributor, has been disclosed, through the efforts of his widow to clear his name of dishonor.

On the morning of September 1, 1914, the Germans began to shell Boussois. All the men of military age were gone except Strimelle, who because of his utility to the army was kept working at his forge; the women, the old men and the children at once took refuge in cellars.

Suddenly the soldiers from the fort at Maubeuge saw amid the bursting seventy-sevens two pigeons rise from the smithy. That was enough for them! A few moments later three Territorials entered and, seizing the blacksmith, started to drag him before their officers. Strimelle was a spy, a traitor! He had sent messages to the Germans! They had seen pigeons released from the house while he was the only living being above ground! Therefore he must die.

While the soldiers were dragging the smith through the streets of Maubeuge the populace,

infuriated at the news, fell upon him, and when he reached headquarters he was shattered and bleeding and hardly able to stand up. He was unable to say a word in his own defense: he was stunned, overwhelmed. His silence was considered as an admission of guilt, and three days later, on the eve of the fall of Maubeuge, he fell, riddled with the bullets of the firing squad.

But the truth that he was unable to tell then his widow is telling today in the courts of France. Like many another blacksmith, Strimelle was a big, simple fellow. He loved his children passionately; he also loved pets, and his favorites were two pigeons that he kept close beside him in a cage in the forge. A shell that burst just outside the smithy on that fateful September morning hurled the cage to the ground, and the frightened pigeons escaped and fluttered through the open door. The soldiers saw them, and now poor Jules Strimelle, who loved his country, loved his children and loved his pets, lies in the little cemetery beyond the church!

THE CAT'S PET AVERSION

A WOMAN in California, says a correspondent, had a black cat named Haqui that hated the tune Marching Through Georgia. For the amusement of her niece, who was visiting her, the woman placed the cat on top of the living-room table one day and, seating herself on the opposite side, began to whistle the obnoxious air. At once Haqui showed signs of discomfort. As the whistling continued his back humped, his tail grew big and a glitter of hate came into his eyes. Finally when his nerves could not endure another note he made a tiger-like spring at the whistler. His sharp claws came out, and if his mistress had not dodged quickly her face would surely have suffered.

But her niece was doubtful about the cause of Haqui's anger. "How do you know, Aunt Anna," she asked, "that it isn't something in the sound, perhaps the shrillness, that affects him that way?"

At once her aunt changed the tune to Suwannee Ribber. Haqui's tail diminished in size; his back straightened, and he settled down on the edge of the table with his tail drawn comfortably round his legs. But a repetition of the first few bars of Marching Through Georgia brought the same symptoms as before.

Nevertheless, the niece remained unconvinced until one day a band passed the house. They were playing Over There, and Haqui, sitting on a chair near the window, continued to purr all through the tune. Presently the band struck up Marching Through Georgia, and at once Haqui stood erect; he became excited and began to lash his tail; his eyes looked red. The next instant he made a flying leap to the window sill and in an excess of fury struck again and again at the pane with savage claws. He worked himself into a perfect frenzy as he emitted his "m-e-a-o-u-w!" of rage. He did not subside until the band was well out of hearing.

After that the niece was convinced that Haqui knew and hated Marching Through Georgia. But why?

GIVING MEYERBEER A TREAT

MUSICIANS are proverbially jealous of one another; but not all of them can manage to get a smile out of that unfortunate fact, as the gentle and merry-hearted composer Rossini once did.

Rossini, who lived most of his life in Paris, was walking one day on the boulevard with his friend Braga. They met the composer Meyerbeer, who stopped and inquired politely after Rossini's health.

"It's bad, very bad, my dear Meyerbeer," answered Rossini. "I have a splitting headache, a strange pain in my side and a leg that troubles me constantly."

After Meyerbeer had condoled sufficiently he passed on, and Braga asked Rossini how he happened to have become suddenly so unwell.

"Oh, I'm well enough," said Rossini with a laugh, "but I wanted to give Meyerbeer a moment's pleasure. He would be so delighted to see me go to pieces!"

A PERFECT ALIBI

THE motherly old lady who, like so many women, was a bit of a matchmaker withal was expostulating with a gentleman who, though nearing forty, was still unmarried. "Are you a bachelor from choice?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," was his reply.

"But isn't that rather ungracious and ungallant?" she persisted.

"You must ask the ladies," replied her victim, smiling. "It is their choice, not mine."

What was there left to say?

STILL ANOTHER SENSE

"BILL," said a sailor of whom the Western Christian Advocate knows, looking up from his writing to consult the superior knowledge of a friend, "do you spell 'sense' with a 'c' or an 's'?"

"That depends," replied his friend. "Do you refer to money or to brains?"

"Aw, I don't mean either of them," was the reply. "I want to say, 'I ain't seen him sense.'"

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You can do every bit as well as he did. If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned \$243. Inside of six months he was making between \$600 and \$1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him \$2 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make \$9,000 a year.

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And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that three hundred thousand dollars. All you do is to take orders.



J. R. HEAD

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Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of \$40 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger \$20 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer \$625 cash for one month's spare time.

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Have become very popular with women and girls because they are so practical and convenient for everyday wear. Not only are they worn by those of an athletic taste, for such games as golf and tennis, but they are equally useful when shopping or traveling. The wrist watch here offered is of small size, is fitted with a Swiss movement with cylinder escapement, and has a stem wind and stem set, nickel case with silk bracelet.



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Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the Prophy-lactic keeps teeth clean

Ask any questions you wish
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They will be gladly answered.

The GIRLS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE
EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE
YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



A DECORATIVE USE FOR SEALING WAX

TO every girl her favorite color, and in no place can it be more appropriately presented than in the hangings and vases and trinkets of her room. Sealing wax can be used to give a touch of color to an old bonbon box or to decorate a plain vase.

You will need for outfit only a small alcohol lamp and some sticks of sealing wax, a spatula and a wax moulder—plain and inexpensive instruments that you can doubtless obtain at any art store.

The simplest use of sealing wax is for blending colors on a vase or candlestick. Use the plain china or glass vases or candlesticks that can be bought in many different shapes. Melt the end of the stick of sealing wax and dab it onto the surface of the vase, beginning preferably at the top. Then hold the vase horizontally and turn it, in one direction, in the flame. The wax will melt and spread, and by changing the angle at which you hold the vase you can cause it to flow in any direction on the surface. Continue alternating the process, applying dabs of wax and blending them over the flame. Be sure to leave no thin or uncovered spaces. A second color can be worked in by simply adding wax from a new stick and letting the two colors mingle on the vase. If the second color is put on very thick and is heated only a little, there will be a clean-cut line between the two, and you can have streaks of one color running down into the background color, say red into black; or you can blend blue, yellow and silver in a pretty swirling effect. A bowl in vermilion, black and vivid yellow will resemble the Indian designs. After a little practice you will grow skillful enough to make definite patterns of your colors. Using a spatula or a knife blade and your fingers, you can shape the blots of sealing wax, and thus form alternating squares of different colors, stripes, diamond-shaped designs, and so forth.

Having learned to handle the wax easily, you are ready for the second venture—putting wax flowers on a background of solid color. Suppose you try this to ornament a small tin box. Scratch the surface, or rub it with sandpaper, so that the material will stick. If the box is not already colored, cover it with a single color in the way already described.

Flowers can be easily made. With the spatula, put little drops of the wax on the box and shape them. With a few delicate curved lines form the petals, make a hole for the centre, and use two shades of the same color to make the flower true to nature. All the natural colors of the flowers can be copied in sealing wax. The flowers are most successful when they are made rather small; the attempt to make large ones often ends in producing a sloppy effect. Make the leaves of green wax. With practice you will grow more skillful and will find individual ways of shaping the flowers and combining them in designs and will discover new objects on which to use them. Pins with sealing-wax flowers are particularly popular and are made in much the same way. The flowers can be modeled in high relief by dropping a quantity of wax in the places where the petals are to be and shaping them as the wax cools.

A good pattern for a blue box is little clusters of wild roses, connected by a curling silver ribbon, on the cover of the box. The design should first be drawn lightly with a pencil and then the wax should be laid over it. Or a narrow line of black or brown wax can be traced to form the outline of a basket, from which overflows a bouquet of forget-me-nots, on a pink background.

Still another mode of using sealing wax is to outline and cover a design. The girl who finds it difficult to make her own flowers and designs free-hand can cut out the design and paste it on the object; good subjects can be found on paper napkins and picture post cards and in illustrated magazines. Take a little melted wax on the spatula, reheat it and lay it over the design, following the outlines exactly. Be sure that your spatula is thoroughly clean before you try to use one color after you have used another.

A distinguished-looking vase can be made by using a Japanese design. The Japanese are noted for their ability to perceive the beauty in a single graceful spray or a fantastic tree seen against the sky line.

These objects that you can readily make with a little care, a little taste and a little sealing wax will be welcomed as gifts by your friends, because they have a finished exquisite appearance with no suggestion of the "homemade" about them.

CAMP COOKING

EVERY girl who goes into camp will enjoy cooking over an open fire. The best fuel—that which is slow burning and which leaves long-lived coals—includes green or dry hickory, oak, apple wood, sugar maple, white ash, locust and all of the birches. The best kindling is birch bark, fat pine, white pine, dry cedar, large-toothed aspen, soft maple and cottonwood.

Before you build the fire rake all the inflammable stuff on the camp ground together and burn it. Never build a fire against an old log; it may smoulder for a day or two after you have gone and break into flame when a breeze springs up.

Build a "cob house" of stout, dry sticks, place kindling—a quantity of dry leaves and grasses—inside it, add first small dry twigs and then large sticks of dry wood and pile more kindling outside the cob house, on the side that faces the wind. Drive the sharpened end of a forked green stick into the earth by the fire. Then lay a stout green stick in the fork, with the small end over the cob house, and the long end resting on the ground. When you are ready to

boil the water, coffee or whatever you are heating, slip the pot over the short end of the crosspiece and balance it by weighting the long end with a stone. By the time the water has boiled the wood will have burned down to red-hot coals over which you can fry or boil. Remember that it is the small fire, with hot coals, that is needed for cooking.

If you wish to boil more than one thing at a time, cut two green sticks, each about four feet long and with a fork at one end. Drive the sharp ends into the ground about four feet apart and lay a third green stick across them so that it rests in the forks. Then make two or three S-shaped hooks of hay wire—or, better still, cut a stick with a branch on it, leave the branch long enough to hook over the crosspiece, and either cut a notch in the other end or drive a nail into it, to hang the kettle on. If you make wire hooks, let them be large enough to slide easily.

Flat stones will serve for frying eggs, ham and bacon, for broiling steak or for baking pancakes, if you have no frying pan.

If you are not sure that the water near the camp is pure, boil it with some charred wood from the fire. Then take off the scum, strain the water and keep it in a cool, clean place.

The fewer the cooking utensils the easier the work will be. There should be a frying pan, a pail of heavy tin or granite ware, one or two smaller pails, a reflecting baker, a large stirring spoon, a sharp butcher knife, a paring knife and a can opener. Other camp equipment should include powdered soap and washing soda, some old dish towels, matches in waterproof containers, some rope and a hatchet. Square tin cooky boxes from the grocery are excellent for keeping food clean and safe. Each girl should carry her own table utensils—an aluminum or agateware plate, a cup, a knife, a fork and a spoon.

Hang the largest pail of water over the fire as soon as the food has been removed. By the time the meal is finished the water will be hot and each girl can scrape her plate into the fireplace and wash and wipe her own dishes. By the "fatigue" system, a different group of girls handles the dishwashing each day. A dish mop saves burns, tempers and time; hang it on the crosspiece when it is not in use.

Keep the camp clean. Throw every scrap of

paper into the fire. Pile peelings and all leftovers from the cooking in a heap at one side of the fire to dry. When they are dry, they will burn easily and leave no trace. If you would escape flies, see that you leave no food about. Dig a hole for trash that cannot be burned—somewhere where it will not pollute the water supply—and cover it with earth and ashes.

The food that you take with you will be determined by the season, the size of the party and the distance from the source of supplies. In planning your commissary remember the importance of variety and digestibility. Some canned staples—corn, peas, salmon, evaporated milk—are always useful. Bacon—do not take canned bacon—is nutritious and easy to cook and furnishes shortening for bread or biscuit and material to fry with. Cheese and beans have a high fuel value, but in warm weather cheese will not keep long. Rice adds much to stews and puddings; dehydrated vegetables are nearly as good as fresh ones, and much lighter and less bulky. Corn meal furnishes johnnycake and mush, which are gratifying changes from wheat bread and biscuit. Milk chocolate, maple sugar, dates and raisins are wholesome sweets. Maple sugar is particularly desirable, because you can melt it for syrup for pancakes. Dried prunes and apricots are healthful and easy to pack. Take onions for seasoning, sugar in an insect-proof box, salt and pepper in sifters, and a package of cornstarch for thickening. A glass or a stone jar makes the best container for butter. Keep it in cold running water if you can; otherwise keep it wrapped in a wet towel in a spot where it will get both shade and breeze. You can usually obtain fresh bread; therefore it is not wise to keep much bread on hand. If you have no facilities for baking, carry some Swedish hard-tack and eat it toasted. Jams and jellies are always delicious in camp.

Pack your bacon in an air-tight tin and your flour, dried fruits and vegetables, rice, potatoes, and so on, in the round-bottomed paraffined bags sold by dealers in sporting goods. Tag each bag and stow all of the bags in waterproof canvas provision bags. Smaller things, such as parcels of dates, cheese and raisins, should be put into sterilized capped tins. Corn pops beautifully over the camp fire. Nuts are always appetizing. Oranges suffer neither from weather nor insects and are a most refreshing camp food. Whenever you camp near a farm get fresh milk, eggs and vegetables if you can.

Do not throw away anything that is good to eat. Getting food into camp is often difficult, and wasting it may mean discomfort if not hardship.

The Companion has published many articles on camp life and suggestions on camp cooking. The Editor of the Girls' Page will be glad to mail to anyone who is interested a list of the most important of them, with the dates when they appeared.

On the Hockey Field

It is in the

Girls' Page for August

FLOWER WISDOM

A GARDEN cannot live entirely to itself. Even the finest stock needs fresh blood from the garden of another.

A few little purple petunias can spoil a whole bed of mammoth fringed beauties.

Some flowers must not be massed; they are so depressing when past their prime.

Before your roses blossom, sow their beds with forget-me-nots.

All pansies are gadabouts, and take fresh life from change of scene. It takes chrysanthemums two years to recover from one move.

The scarlet runner is worth while: it grows well, looks well and eats well.

Foxgloves are all on the surface; they are a joy if constantly renewed.

When your Oriental poppies begin to sulk in the early fall—let them alone!

Fertilize deep, if you want strong roots for endurance.

What is easily grown and free flowering is never appreciated by the gardener; if the neighbors are successful with it, down goes its value another peg.

If flowers don't fill a bit of bare ground, weeds will.

KEEPING HOUSE FOR SLEEPING BABIES

A YOUNG woman writes that she has been able to earn a considerable amount of pin money by staying with her neighbors' babies on evenings when the parents wished to be absent from the house.

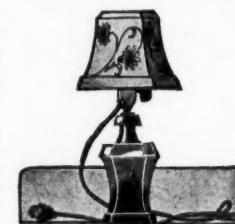
The girl had many demands upon her time. Besides keeping house for her invalid father and her three younger brothers she was attending a near-by university. The family income was limited; but so long as her evenings were occupied with study and her days filled with work she could not earn in any of the usual ways the extra money that she needed.

In planning her scheme she realized that she could study at a neighbor's house as well as at her own—better in fact, for there she would not have three high-spirited brothers shouting over their games or banging the piano. Moreover, she could be earning something while she studied.

She wrote notes to all the young married couples in the neighborhood who had small



The portable lamp base can be suited to any color scheme



children,—to those she did not know as well as to her friends,—saying that all her evenings were free, and that she should be glad to stay in the house with the baby while the parents went out. She added that for that service her charge would be fifty cents from seven o'clock until eleven, and seventy-five cents for a longer evening.

The plan succeeded from the first. Most of the young married people in the community were of modest means and did not keep a maid. They were glad to find an intelligent and responsible person to stay in the house when they wished to go out.

"Of course the baby never wakes up, but if he should Susan would know what to do," was the way they expressed their approval of the scheme.

The business soon grew to satisfying proportions. The girl's friends quickly told others of the plan, and in a short time the project of keeping house for sleeping babies was bringing an income of three, four, and sometimes even five, dollars a week.

A TOOTHPICK RACE

DRAW on a level patch of ground or on an even floor two parallel lines ten feet apart, one for the starting and the other for the finishing line. Furnish each contestant with a bundle of toothpicks.

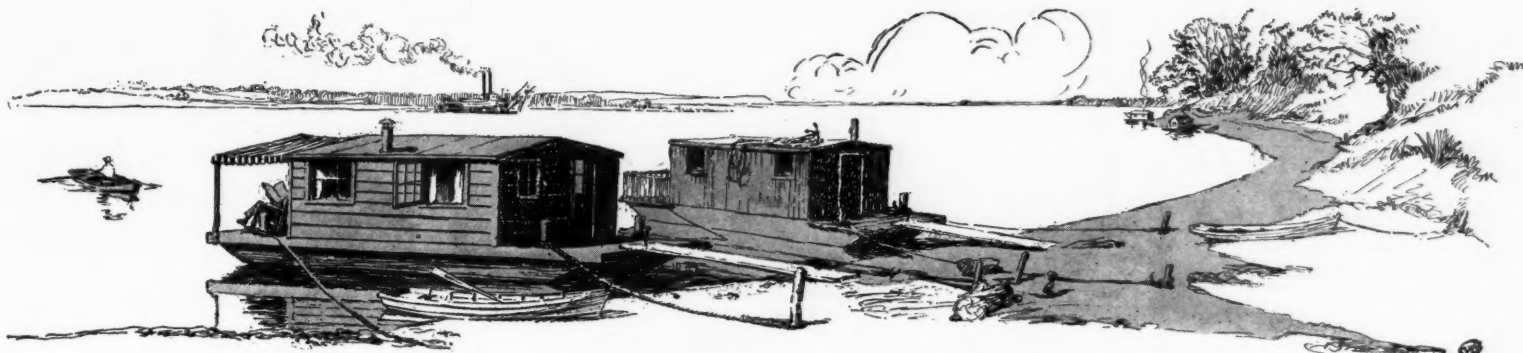
The idea of the game is to see which of the contestants can first construct an unbroken line of toothpicks from the starting to the finishing line.

There is no set rule how the toothpicks should be placed, except that any given toothpick may be touched by only two others. There must, moreover, be no breaks in the line.

Ask any questions you wish
about the contents of this page.
They will be gladly answered.

The FAMILY PAGE

Address your letters to THE
EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE
YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



There are countless streams where house boating and shanty-boat tripping are possible

SHANTY-BOAT TRIPPING

WHEN the great rush of migrating people arrived at the Ohio River immediately after the War of the Revolution they looked upon a wide, deep flood with a surface as smooth as that of a lake that moved steadily between its beautifully forested banks through a country of glorious promise. The free lands east of the Appalachian system and the bottoms of the rich mountain valleys had been taken up, but here was a valley of enormous length and breadth, and with soil of unsurpassed fertility, free for the taking! With that tide of emigration came the true shanty boat.

THE FIRST HOUSE BOATS

On the lower Mississippi two house boats were built about 1770 from which to sell assorted merchandise. The two were the first craft of the type on the Western rivers. They were the fore-runners of the thousands and tens of thousands of raft boats with houses on them that less than fifteen years later were to carry westward the hordes of settlers who were ultimately to fill the continent to the Pacific shore.

The shanty boat has a secure place in history, for it has been in use for one hundred and fifty years. At the time of the New Madrid earthquakes, when famous preachers were shanty boaters, the common name for the boats was "arks." There were rafts with tents or shacks on them, keel boats, Kentucky boats, flatboats, model hulls, a great variety of floating craft from veritable floating islands to graceful small craft.

The current carried the boats downstream. The pioneers ran up into the mouths of tributary streams, selected bottoms for settlement and there broke up their floating houses and rebuilt them as cabins on the bank. To this day families go down the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Ohio, the upper Mississippi, to seek new homes, but their numbers are few compared with the thousands that were still floating westward in the seventies and eighties.

A SIMPLE CRAFT

A shanty boat is a simple craft. It consists of a scow hull, with bow and stern decks and a cabin amidships. Some are of great size—theatre boats, which seat hundreds of people, store boats a hundred feet long and eighteen feet wide that carry many tons of cargo and other huge craft that require auxiliary power. But for "tripping" on a river such as the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Yazoo, a boat twenty-four feet long, eight feet wide, on which is a cabin sixteen feet long divided into two rooms, is perhaps the best. With a hull thirty inches deep such a craft will ride any waves and, if properly trussed, will even live through the tornadoes that sometimes in warm weather sweep the river bottoms.

THE BEST OF CAMPS

The boat should have two oak mooring heads five inches square on the bow and two on the stern and should be provided with four one-inch lines that can be lashed to a snag, an ash stake or a tree and will thus hold the bow to the bank. A good "handy line," half an inch in diameter and two or three hundred feet long,—some old rivermen carry a line five hundred feet long,—should be carried to serve as an anchor line in deep eddies, as a cordelling,—that is, towing—rope against the current, or for swinging the boat inshore from mid-current when you have lost a sweep or are out of gasoline.

The shanty boat makes the best of camps. For less than one hundred dollars one can be built in which you can embark at, say, Fort Benton, Montana, and float twenty-five hundred miles to the Mississippi, then twelve hundred miles down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and finally another hundred miles or more to the Gulf of Mexico. You will need no motive power; all you will require is oars with which to keep in the current or to make landings.

For at least a thousand miles from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Cairo, Illinois, and a thousand miles from Cairo to New Orleans, the Mississippi affords good water for shanty boats. The Ohio River is navigable for them from Pittsburgh to Cairo—almost a thousand miles.

The "shanty" on one of these boats is like a little shack camp on a creek bank in the woods. It contains bunks, a little wood stove (or oil stove), chairs, a table, a cupboard (made often of soap boxes nailed to the wall), gun rack, bookshelves and wood box or coal bin. It has strong hinged windows and curtains. With the pleasures of camping it combines the pleasures of leisurely travel from place to place for days or weeks or months. Indeed, old river people remain on the water and make a living in various ways such as "tonging" pearl shells, trapping, fishing, taking photographs, mending sewing-machines and trading.

MOTIVE POWER

It is best to have a skiff for a tender. It will take you quickly across the current to shoot available game, to run a line of traps, or to go up a tributary stream either to fish or to look for moss agates or just to explore. If your shanty boat is not more than thirty feet long you will find an outboard motor of service. It will enable you even to make some progress against a current. Old-timers spread a square sail from a pole and run before the wind, "gain-speeding" on the current. But they depend chiefly on oars twelve or fifteen feet long.

River trippers often make the mistake of building too large a boat. They seek the comforts and space of a bungalow in what should be merely a floating camp. If two rooms eight feet square sound small even for two people, remember that a dozen hunters will find room enough in a lean-to bark camp much smaller and that thousands of automobile tourists have learned to do with a quarter the space.

The front yard of a shanty boat with its bow to the bank may be half the State of South Dakota or all of Missouri. An iron bedstead, a table, a chair, a suitcase full of clothes, or a locker for each member of the party, a kitchenette outfit, two or three hundred pounds of food supplies to be renewed from landing to landing after days or weeks in the wilds of wooded or prairie or bad-land banks, are all that you require for a vacation of several months.

THE AVAILABLE WATERS

The Mississippi River Commission, St. Louis, Missouri, prints a set of maps drawn to the scale of an inch to a mile that show the whole length of the Mississippi. The old Missouri River Commission, Kansas City, printed a set of maps for the whole length of the Missouri. Though the river beds have shifted and changed, you can still chart your course from those maps. The distance traveled may be as much as forty or fifty miles a day, but on the average will be less than thirty, for the winds sometimes force the trippers to anchor in an eddy or some other difficulty makes it hard for them to keep in the current.

There are countless streams where house boating and shanty-boat tripping are possible: the currentless lower Hudson, the lower Potomac, the James, the inland waters of Pamlico, Albemarle and Long Island sounds, the swamps of Florida and of Louisiana, the rivers of Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama and Texas and lakes in many states.

Perhaps the most wonderful shanty-boat tour in the world is that from Fort Benton to New Orleans. The Yellowstone River, the lower Red, the Arkansas, the Yazoo, the St. Francis, the White, the Wabash, the Illinois, the Fox, the Cumberland, the Tennessee are also shanty-boat streams. In the Mississippi basin there are forty or fifty thousand people who live in their little floating homes the year round.

There are dangers; it is disquieting to run aground on a Missouri River sand bar in a falling river; and snags, caving banks, rocks (on the upper reaches) must be avoided lest one of them punch a hole in the bottom of your boat, an accident, however, that you will find far less dangerous if you have a skiff for a tender.

Expenses are small; traveling by shanty boat

is the most comfortable and the least expensive traveling there is, for the current does all the hard work. The chief items are the cost of building the boat, the equipment and the return car fare. Once the boat is on the river, your expenses should not exceed fifty cents a day for each person.

OUTDOOR STUDY

THE best kind of outdoor study is contemplation. Get a notebook, a book on botany, a book on birds, if you will, and pack your mind with fixed and irrevocable facts. But do not teach your child on that principle. A curious ignorance, gilded with a happy enthusiasm, is better than the labeling, pressing, analyzing knowledge that plays a large part in modern "nature study."

Let the children "run wild" without at first teaching them even rudimentary truths about the trees, grass, flowers, birds, animals or fishes. Teach them one or two things at a time and encourage them by letting them see that you appreciate their memories when they repeat the next day what they have learned about outdoors. Do not let them memorize names only, but teach them to memorize sensations. Teach them the sureness and beauty of nature, not merely the individual marks of her heraldry.

A bright small boy had been taught at school that the crawfish was an invertebrate. He showed little enthusiasm about the fact, but when he was taken to a stream and the queer clay-celled home of the crawfish was pointed out to him, when he saw the way the crawfish has of moving backward, the strength of its pincerlike claws, its waving prehensile beard filament and its strange surroundings, he became greatly interested and on his return to the class astonished his fellow pupils with his newly found and to him marvelous knowledge.

Enthusiasm is the very marrow of nature study. And the more you delve in nature's storehouse the more your enthusiasm grows. As you point out the things outdoors that are strange or beautiful the child will take them into its mind and repeat them without much appreciation. But by and by appreciation will come, and presently the child will conceive new and surprising ideas and startle you with an original train of thought.

"Were all these shells made in a shell mint?" asked a little girl.

"What put that into your head?" was the reply.

"Well, you told me that dollars were made in a mint."

A mighty mint indeed wherein the world was cast; a mighty Sovereign whose seal is stamped thereon!

MARKETING

XIII. Why Grades are Useful

FOR a long time we have been accustomed to measures of length or of weight or of bulk; we are used to the bushel and the ton, and we market by the dozen or the pound. More recently the hundredweight has taken the place of the bushel in some of the more important marketing transactions, as, for example, in the sale of potatoes.

But quantity is one thing, and quality is quite another. So long as buyer and seller meet face to face their main concern is to be sure of the correct quantity; each of them can judge for himself the quality of the thing offered for sale. But just as soon as you separate the buyer and the seller a new need arises: that of a standard or measure of quality, so that both seller and buyer can agree on a price for a given quality as well as for a given amount as the basis upon which they will complete sale and purchase.

So, along with the growth of modern commerce, grades in agricultural products have grown up, established by the ordinary understanding of the trade as to what is "good," "excellent" or "poor" produce. If you go into a grain elevator, you will find that every kind of grain is divided

into several grades. Wheat, for example, may be classed as number one hard, number one Northern, number two, three, four, and sample. And every grain buyer knows just what to look for in quality in each grade.

Hay is classified in much the same manner, and so are live stock, poultry, eggs, fruit and vegetables. In fact all the products of the farm are bought and sold on the markets according to grade standards that are in use among the trade, and that are more or less widely known wherever farm produce travels on its way to the consumer.

The measures of weight, size and bulk were settled upon many years ago and are generally used throughout the country, but even today there are many local measures in use; so it is not to be wondered at that when buyer and seller begin to talk "quality" there should be almost as many opinions and standards as there are markets, especially in respect to those products that are more or less local in their marketing. Even a commodity with a world-wide market like wheat has more than one hundred grades of the various kinds that grow in the United States and Canada. So, when we come to such products as veal, eggs, butter, apples, garden truck we are likely to find that each marketing centre such as New York, Boston and Chicago has its own standards, just a little different from the standards of other markets. And, since the different markets set different standards, so the dealers themselves differ as to what they want when they ask for number one produce. So as our markets widen and our shippers increase in numbers it becomes more and more necessary that we have grades that shall define as fairly as possible what is to be accepted as a fair delivery when one man sells and another man buys a quantity of number one veal or a crate of eggs or a carload of potatoes.

No one firm or city, nor all the markets taken together, could make grades that would suit all the growers. In fact, making grades is not the business of individuals. It is rather the business of the state or of the nation, acting in behalf of all the people—buyers and sellers, producers and consumers. And the measure of quality that is chosen, the "grade" as we call it, must be as nearly as possible fair to all. The number one, or standard grade, must be as nearly as possible what the ordinary consumer wants to buy and the ordinary producer is able to sell.

But when a grade has been chosen as the standard of quality it should not be changed unless it is unfair to some large part of the buying or the selling group. For to change a grade after it has been in use would have much the same effect as to change the number of inches in the yard; it would cause general dissatisfaction.

And where there are either state or national grades in use as the market standard it is to the interest both of the producer and of the consumer to sell and to buy according to the official grades, in order that the seller may be assured of fair dealing. In altogether too many cases the producer markets what he has grown regardless of its quality, thinking only of the number of bushels he has to sell. In every such case the buyer has to figure on the cost of putting the produce into proper market condition, and that cost, together with the estimated amount of waste, he deducts from the sale price that the market is offering for first-class goods. That is a direct loss to the producer, and indirectly it is a loss to the consumer too, for the presence on the market of poor, undesirable merchandise has a tendency to slow down the demand for really good produce. That in turn makes the sale of good produce uncertain and forces the dealer to charge a higher price in order to cover his chance of loss while he is holding goods for sale. In other words, the sale of poor quality farm produce on the market has the effect, not of making living cheaper, but of making it dearer.

Tomato Butter.—Make a thick syrup with two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of water. Add one pint of red tomatoes, peeled and chopped, and one sliced lemon. Cook the mixture until it is thick, then pour it into jelly glasses.

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The BOYS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



THE POINTS OF A DOG

WHEN you hear some one say of a dog that he is "corky" or "butterfly-nosed" or "pily" or some other thing you may wonder just what he means. You may not know what he has in mind when he speaks of a "recognized" breed.

Every boy who loves a dog—and that means every normal boy—will be interested to know, if he does not already know it, that a "recognized" breed is one that the American Kennel Club has accepted and recognizes as a dog of an established breed.

Below is a list of the well-known breeds that the Kennel Club officially recognizes:

Alredale terriers
Basset hounds
Beagles
Bedlington terriers
Black-and-tan (Manchester) terriers
Bloodhounds
Boston terriers
Bulldogs
Bull terriers
Cairn terriers
Chesapeake Bay dogs
Chihuahua
Chowchows
Collies
Dalmatians
Deerhounds (Scottish)
Dandie Dinmont terriers
Dachshunds
English toy spaniels
Foxhounds (American)
Foxhounds (English)
Fox terriers
French bulldogs
Greyhounds
Great Danes
Griffons (wire hair, pointing)
Griffons (Brussels)
Harriers
Irish terriers
Italian greyhounds
Japanese spaniels
Maltese
Mastiffs
Newfoundlands
Old English sheep dogs
Otter hounds
Pekingese
Pointers
Pomeranians
Poodles
Pugs

Retrievers
Schipperkes
Scottish terriers
Sealyham terriers
Setters (English)
Setters (Irish)
Setters (Gordon)
Shepherd dogs
Skye terriers
Spaniels (clumber)
Spaniels (cocker)
Spaniels (field)
Spaniels (Irish water)
Spaniels (Sussex)
Shetland sheep dogs
St. Bernards
Toy poodles
Toy terriers
Welsh terriers
West Highland white terriers
White English terriers
Whippets
Wolfhounds (Irish)
Wolfhounds (Russian)
Yorkshire terriers

FOREIGN DOGS
Belgian sheep dogs
Boxers
Chinese crested
Eskimo
Kerry blue terriers
Mexican hairless
Norwegian elkhounds
Owtchar, or Russian sheep dogs
Papillons
Pinschers (Doberman)
Samoyeds
Sheep dogs of the Maremma

The technical names of the good and the bad points of dogs are numerous, but you must learn them if you wish to understand discussions and articles about dogs. By studying the list given below, you can become familiar with the points of breeding and be able to recognize any breed the type of which you understand. When numbers occur in the list refer to the numbers on the outline of the dog shown in the figure.

These are the terms that are used to indicate various points or faults in the recognized breeds from a show point of view:

Apple-headed—Having a skull that is round instead of flat on top.

1. Arm—That part of the fore limb between shoulder and elbow.

Blaze—A white mark between the eyes, as in the Boston terrier.

Breeching—The tan-colored hairs on the back of the thighs of a black-and-tan terrier.

Brush—The tail of a collie or of any dog that has a bushy tail.

2. Brisket—The front part of the chest.

Butterfly Nose—A spotted nose.

Button Ear—An ear that falls over in front, so that the inside is concealed, as in fox terriers.

Broken-up Face—Refers more particularly to the face of a bulldog or toy spaniel and includes the receding nose, or layback, deep stop and wrinkle.

Burr—The inside of the ears.

Beefy—Big, fleshy hind quarters.

Cat Foot—A short, round, compact foot, with the knuckles well developed, like a cat's.

Character—A combination of points that contributes to the whole impression the animal makes and that gives the desired character for his particular breed.

Cheeky—Having the cheek bumps strongly defined; thick in the cheek.

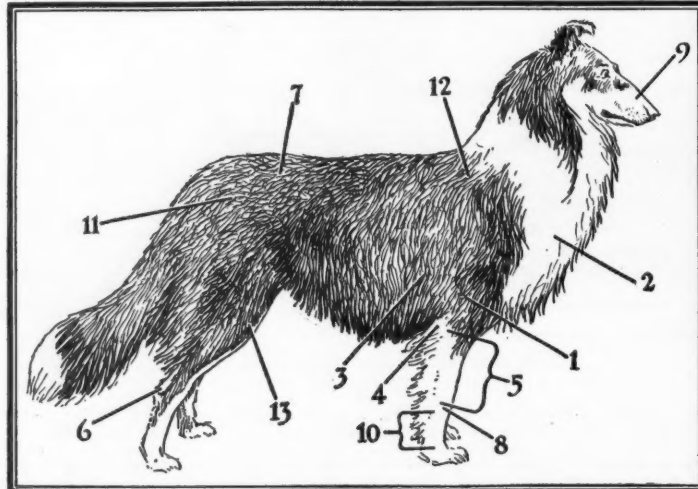
3. Chest—The chest of a dog must not be confounded with the brisket; the breast, or chest, extends between the forelegs.

Chaps, or Chops—The fore face of a bulldog.

Cloddy—Thickset, short-coupled, and low in stature.

Cobby—Short and compact.

Corky—Compact and active looking; springy and lively in action, like the terriers.



Couplings—The length or space between the tops of the shoulder blades and tops of the hip joints, or huckle bones. A dog is accordingly spoken of as long or short "in the couplings."

Cow-hocked—Having the hocks turned inward like those of a cow.

Culotte—The feather on the thighs, as in the Schipperke and Pomeranian.

Cushion—Fullness in the top lips.

Crook Tail—The crooked tail of a bulldog.

Crank Tail—Same as above.

Deucalons—The extra claws found occasionally on the legs of all breeds, more especially the St. Bernard; the superfluous claws inside the hind leg just above the foot.

Devalap—Pendulous skin under the throat, as in the bloodhound.

Dish-faced—Having a nasal bone that is higher at the tip than at the top—a formation not infrequently seen in pointers.

Dudley Nose—A flesh-colored nose.

Domed Skull—A round skull.

Deep in Brisket—Deep in the chest; deep from the withers to the point where the chest and the brisket meet.

4. Elbow—The joint at the top of the forearm.

Elbows out, or "Out at elbows"—This term defines itself. "Out at elbows" is a serious fault in any breed, although it is sometimes erroneously supposed that a bulldog, a dachshund or a Pekingese should be out at elbows.

Expression—The expression of a dog is largely but not wholly determined by the size, angular position and degree of prominence of the eye. For example, in a St. Bernard, the eye is small, somewhat sunken, and shows a little haw. It gives a dignified expression.

Feather—The fringe of hair on the back of the legs of some breeds, notably setters, spaniels and sheep dogs; the feathering on the legs, as in the setter and the spaniel.

Flag—The tail of the setter.

Flews—The chops, or overhanging lips of the upper jaw. The term is chiefly applied to hounds or other deep-mouthed dogs.

5. Forearm—The principal length of the foreleg, extending from elbow to pastern.

Frill—The profuse hair under the neck, as in the collie and Pekingese.

Frog Face—A nose that does not recede.

Flat-sided—Flat in the ribs; the opposite of well-sprung. "Well ribbed up" means having a good depth of back ribs.

Grizzle—A bluish-gray color.

Harefoot—A foot that is long and narrow like that of a hare.

Haw—The red inside eyelid, usually hidden, but visible in bloodhounds and St. Bernards; the red membrane inside the lower eyelid.

6. Hock—The lower joint of the hind leg.

Height—The height of a dog is measured at the shoulder after bending the head gently down. The proper method is to place the dog on level ground close by a wall, lay a straightedge across his shoulders so that it touches the wall, and measure to the point where the straight-edge rests.

7. Huckle Bones—The tops of the hip joints.

Harlequin—Pieb, mottled or patchy in color.

8. Knee—The joint that unites the fore pasterns and the forearm.

Kink Tail—A tail with a single break or kink in it.

Leather—The ears.

Layback—Receding nose.

Listless—Dull and sluggish.

Loins—The part of the body between the last rib and the hip joint.

Lumber—Superfluous flesh.

Mask—The dark muzzle of a mastiff, pug or Pekingese.

Manc—The profuse hair on top of the neck.

Merle—A bluish-gray color splashed with black.

9. Nasal Bone—Top of the muzzle.

Occiput—The prominent bone at the back or top of the skull; especially prominent in bloodhounds; the bony bump at the base of the skull.

Out at Shoulders—Having the shoulders set on the outside, as in the bulldog.

Overshot—Having the upper teeth projecting over the lower. This fault in excess makes a dog "pig-jawed," which means having the upper jaw protruding beyond the lower.

10. Pastern—The lowest section of the front legs, the part below the knee.

Pig-jawed—Having the upper jaw protruding beyond the lower, so that the upper incisor teeth are in advance of the lower, an exaggeration of an overshot jaw.

Pily—A peculiar quality of coat found on some dogs, which shows on examination a short woolly jacket next the skin, out of which springs the longer hairs of the visible coat. The short woolly coat is "pily." When an ordinary coat is described as "pily," the word means that it is soft and woolly instead of hard.

Prick Ear (See tulip ear)—An erect ear; not turned down or folded.

Plume—The tail of a Pomeranian.

Pad—The under part or sole of the foot.

Penciling—The black marks or streaks divided by tan on the toes of a black-and-tan terrier.

Roach Back—The arched or wheel formation of loin, as in the bulldog, greyhound or Dandie Dinmont terrier.

Rose Ear—An ear the tip of which turns backward and downward, so as to disclose the inside of the ear.

Ring Tail—A tail that curves in a circular fashion.

Racy—Slight in build and leggy, as the greyhound or the whippet.

11. Rump—The tail end.

Septum—The division between the nostrils.

12. Shoulders—Top of the shoulder blades, the point at which the height of the dog is measured.

Splayfoot—A flat, awkward foot, usually turned outward; open in toes; the opposite of "cat foot."

Stern—The tail.

13. Stifle Joints—Stifles. The joints of the hind legs next above the hocks.

Stop—The indentation between the eyes. This feature is strongly marked in bulldogs, pugs and short-faced toy spaniels. The indentation between the forehead and the muzzle.

Snipy—Too pointed in the muzzle.

Semi-prick Ear—An erect ear, of which the end falls over forward.

Sickle Tail—A tail that forms a semicircle like a sickle.

Short-coupled—Short in the back; more generally used to designate a short loin.

Shelly—Too narrow and light in the body.

Second Thighs—The muscular growth between the stifle joint and the hock.

Style—Showy, spirited or gay demeanor.

Tulip Ear—An upright or prick ear.

Topknot—The hair on the top of the head, as in the Irish water spaniel, the Dandie Dinmont and the Bedlington terrier.

Throatiness—Overmuch loose skin or flesh under the throat.

Tucked Up—Having a tucked-up loin, as in the greyhound.

Tricolor—Black, tan and white.

Thumb Marks—The round, black spots on the forelegs of a black-and-tan terrier.

Timber—Bone.

Trace—The dark mark down the back, as in the pug, mastiff and some Great Danes.

Twist—The curled tail of a pug.



Undershot—Having the lower incisor teeth projecting beyond the upper, as in the bulldog; the under jaw protrudes beyond the upper jaw, but always even in bulldogs the lips should cover the teeth.

Upright Shoulders—Shoulders that are set in an upright instead of an oblique position; not laid back.

"Varmint" Expression—As in the eye of the fox terrier, which is free from haw, neither sunken nor large, and set in a position almost horizontal, which gives a keen expression.

Wall Eye—A blue mottled eye.

Wrinkle—The loose-folding skin over the skull.

Wheaten—Of a pale, yellowish color.

Withers—Same as 12.

HOW TO TROLL

NEARLY every boy who has camped out has trolled for bass and pickerel. Although trolling does not rank so high as fly casting or bait casting, it gives a chance for the exercise of plenty of skill.

Do not use a hand line—it is not only awkward but unsportsmanlike. It is far better to use a rod and reel; by doing that you give the fish a chance and at the same time get more fun out of fishing than you would otherwise get.

Use a fairly short bait rod, say seven and a half feet long, with the reel above the hand grasp, or a bait-casting rod, if you have one. A steel rod is good for the purpose, but the best rod of all is a good split bamboo. The guides of the rod should be large so that the line can run through them freely.

For the reel, select a double multiplier that will carry at least fifty yards of line. A reel good enough for trolling need not cost much and, if used carefully and kept well oiled, will last a long time.

For a line get fifty yards of oiled silk, size G. There are many kinds of artificial baits that work well; wooden minnows are good, and the floating baits are particularly adapted to trolling, for, if the boat is stopped, they do not at once sink to the bottom and get fouled in the weeds as the ordinary baits are likely to do. At times, metal trolling spoons of small size are also very successful for bass and pickerel. Usually the best live bait to use is the pond shiner, but there are times when small frogs are the best bait of all.

Although it is not strictly necessary to have a landing net with a long handle, it is well to include one in your outfit. Trolling is best done by two persons, one to handle the rod and the other the oars or the paddle.

The right way to troll for black bass and pickerel is to row slowly round the lake, keeping the boat in ten or twelve feet of water just outside the weeds. The fish lie in the weeds, and the closer your bait travels along the edge of the weed beds the better luck you will have. In very weedy lakes it is often necessary to fish among the weeds. For that purpose it is best to use a floating bait.

The progress of the boat should be steady—not a succession of starts and stops—and should be just fast enough to keep the bait spinning evenly. If you use a trolling spoon, wooden minnow or some other artificial bait, you must have the boat rowed faster than when you troll with a live minnow or a live frog. When it is necessary to change the course of the boat do it in a wide circle; if you stop the boat and turn it round almost within its own length, the bait will sink and probably get fast in the weeds. As soon as you have hooked a fish have the oarsman take the boat out into deeper water where you can play the fish without danger of fouling the line in the weeds.

You will seldom need to use more than a hundred feet of line. Remember that your bait follows almost the exact course of the boat and that it is well to keep as quiet as possible when passing a place where you may get a strike. Talking does not alarm the fish, but such a noise as an oar struck against the side of the boat will frighten them.

It is often possible to catch bass and pickerel by trolling when still fishing is quite unsuccessful. One reason is that the troller covers more water and is thus more likely to find fish. When you have a strike or catch a bass or a pickerel note the place carefully and in a little while troll over it again. The chances are that you will catch another fish in almost the same place.

Besides trolling round the shore of the lake, it is often worth while to try weedy or sandy bays well out in the lake. Such places are frequented by large-mouthed bass, pickerel and pike and by muskellunge if there are any in the lake. On the rocky bays you may take small-mouthed bass, brook trout and landlocked salmon.



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JAUNDICE

JAUNDICE, or icterus, is the name given to a yellowish discoloration of the skin and eyeballs caused by the presence of bile in the blood stream. It is not a disease in itself, but rather a symptom of any one of a number of deranged conditions of the liver, of the digestive tract or of the general system. There are two main varieties of jaundice: hepatogenous, which originates in the liver, and hematogenous, which originates in the blood.

The jaundice that has its origin in the liver is caused by obstruction to the flow of bile within the liver or to its passage from the liver into the intestine; as a result the blood vessels absorb it. Its most common and the least serious form is catarrhal jaundice, which is owing to inflammation of the stomach and of adjacent parts of the intestine, the mucous membrane of which swells and thus closes the mouth of the bile duct that opens into it. The symptoms usually associated with that form are dyspepsia, constipation, itching of the body and depression of the spirits. It occurs most often in early life and yields readily to treatment of the catarrhal state of the digestive tract. Jaundice may result also from inflammation of the bile channels within the liver; the inflammatory swelling prevents the passage of bile. Obstruction may be owing also to the blocking of the main bile duct by gallstones. The duct may also be closed by the pressure of a round worm entering it from the intestine, or by the pressure of a tumor of the liver or of the upper part of the intestine. Jaundice is one of the occasional symptoms of cirrhosis of the liver, though the presence of other characteristic symptoms usually points to the true condition. An occasional cause of jaundice in later life is cancer of the pancreas; though it is rare it is always in the doctor's mind as a possibility in such cases.

The second main variety of jaundice is caused by the presence in the blood of various poisons. The poison that most often gives rise to the condition is phosphorus, but arsenic, chloral and chloroform may have the same effects. Persons bitten by snakes may become intensely jaundiced, for snake venom is a powerful blood poison.

AUNT MANDY'S LETTER

AUNT MANDY came toiling up the stairs; she always answered the postman's ring, though there seldom was a letter for her. "There's only one, but it's for me!" she exclaimed happily. "It's from Callista Adams down in Florida."

Bertha, her niece, was counting the laundry: "Six, seven, eight—All right, Aunt Mandy. I'm busy just now."

Aunt Mandy turned away and went silently to her own room. There the joy returned to her face. The letter was so interesting! It told about the Reeds' little boy who had been bitten by a rattler—they had had such a time saving him! And it told how Callista—

Aunt Mandy looked up eagerly as her niece's step sounded in the hall. "Bertha, Callista says the orange crop is the finest in ten years! She's been able to pay off everything on her bungalow! And the Reeds' little boy, the one who was bitten by the rattler—here, I'll read it!"

But Bertha interrupted her: "I'm afraid I can't stop to hear it, Aunt Mandy. I have the marketing to do, you know."

Aunt Mandy's eyes shadowed. She did so want to tell some one about that rattler! Maybe at dinner—She pictured the whole family eagerly listening to her.

When the dinner hour came she began during the first pause: "I had a letter from Callista Adams today. She's the one who lives down in Florida. She told about a little boy—"

Julie's gay voice interrupted her: "How nice, Aunt Mandy! Ethel, they have the most gorgeous sport silks at Hooper's. I'm wild to have one."

Aunt Mandy waited. Presently she tried again, looking at Henry: "Callista says they've had the finest orange crop in ten years, and they—"

"Why, that's fine, Aunt Mandy!" Henry replied heartily. "Bertha, whom do you suppose I met today? Tom Hall!"

Aunt Mandy began again when Ethel was done talking about the sport silks. "You'd ought to

hear Callista's letter," she remarked stoutly, "where she tells about the Reeds' little boy—"

Ethel nodded pleasantly. "Sometime when I have a few minutes, auntie," she said lightly.

After dinner Aunt Mandy went slowly back to her room. There was a dull pain in her heart. A letter was only half a letter if you couldn't share it with some one!

She looked up eagerly; a brown-eyed girl was smiling at her from the doorway, and a gay voice was calling, "Am I invited in?"

"Margie Brant!" Aunt Mandy cried eagerly. "I've just got a letter from Callista Adams down in Florida—"

"I want to hear every word of it," Margie responded.

AN OLD-TIME EDINBURGH BELLE

PRETTY Mary Fairfax, daughter of a distinguished Scotch admiral, was an early Victorian belle in Edinburgh society. She was a lovely girl with abundant soft brown hair, charming eyes, delicate rose-leaf color and a slight, graceful figure; she was at once shy and merry, gentle and spirited, and she fully deserved her popularity. She became an excellent dancer, although, country-born, she had little opportunity to learn until she visited an aunt in the city, when she attended dancing school for the first time, at Master Strange's.

"Strange himself," she says in her recollections, "was exactly like a figure on the stage; tall and thin, he wore a powdered wig with cannons (horizontal curls or rolls) at the ears and a pigtail. Ruffles at the breast and wrists, white waistcoat, black silk or velvet shorts, white silk stockings, large silver buckles and a pale blue coat completed his costume. He had a little fiddle, called a kit, on which he played. My first lesson was how to walk and make a curtsy."

"Young lady, if you visit the queen you must make three curtsies, lower and lower and lower as you approach her. So-o-o, leading me on and making me curtsy. Now if the queen were to ask you to eat a bit of mutton with her, what would you say?"

Since mutton is not eaten while tripping the light fantastic toe, it is clear that Master Strange taught deportment as well as dancing, which will not astonish readers of Dickens who remember, in Bleak House, the dancing school of the Turveydrops, where the younger Turveydrop played a kit and managed the classes while his majestic parent, whose greatest pride was a resemblance to the prince regent, personally exemplified to the awed pupils Deportment with a capital D.

"Every Saturday afternoon," further says Master Strange's pupil, "all the scholars, both boys and girls, met to practice in the public assembly rooms in George Street. It was a handsome large hall with benches rising like those of an amphitheatre. Some of the elder girls were very pretty and danced well, so the practicing were frequented by officers from the castle and by other young men. We used always to go in full evening dress. We learnt the *minuet de la cour*, reels and country dances. Our partners used to present us with gingerbread and oranges. Dancing before so many people was quite an exhibition, and I was greatly mortified one day when ready to begin the minuet by the dancing master's shaking me roughly and making me hold out my frock properly."

The frock, properly held save for that once, was always as dainty as the wearer and was her own handiwork; usually it was of the finest India muslin simply made and trimmed with a little good Flanders lace.

It is a pretty, quaint picture—the lovely girl, the admiring onlookers, the stately grace of the minuet and the ensuing elegantly-tendered tribute of gingerbread and oranges! And if it seems to any serious-minded reader a trifle too frivolous, there is the consoling reflection that even then pretty Mary Fairfax often studied deep things secretly by candlelight in the seclusion of her little room, and that she became in due time the world-famous mathematician and astronomer Mary Fairfax Somerville.

"BIG CINNAMON BEAR!"

MR. ZANE GREY, the writer, has had some interesting experiences out of doors. In Tales of Lonely Trails he tells this exciting and amusing story of a bear hunt in which he took part on a skittish horse:

When we topped a ridge the baying of the hounds rang clear and full and fierce. My horse stood straight up. Then he plunged back and bolted down the slope. His mouth was like iron; I could neither hold nor turn him. He was running away! No doubt he had smelled the bear. He hurdled rocks, leaped washes, slid down banks, plunged over places that made my hair stand up stiff, and, worst of all, he did not try to avoid brush or trees or cactus. Manzanita he tore right through, leaving my coat in strips decorating our wake. I had to hold on, to lie flat, to dodge and twist and all the time to watch for a place where I could fall off safely.

But I did not get a chance to fall off. A loud clamoring from the hounds close behind drove my horse frantic. Before he had only run; now he flew! He left me hanging in the thick branches of a juniper, from which I dropped, blind and breathless and stunned. Disengaging myself from the broken and hanging branches, I staggered aside, rifle in hand, trying to recover breath and wits. Then in that nerveless and shaken condition I heard the breaking of twigs and the thud of

soft steps right above me. Peering up with my half-blinded eyes, I saw a huge red furry animal half obscured by brush. A shock came over me; I felt a gush of hot blood that seemed to turn to ice. "Big cinnamon bear!" I whispered hoarsely.

Instinctively I cocked and leveled the rifle, and, though I could not clearly see the red animal bearing down the slope, I fired. Then followed a roaring crash, a terrible breaking onslaught upon the brush, and the huge red mass flashed down toward me. I worked the lever of the rifle, but I did not work it far enough down; the next cartridge jammed. I tried again. In vain! The terrible crashing of brush appeared right upon me. For an instant that seemed an age I stood riveted to the spot; my blood seemed congealed; my heart was choking me, and my tongue was pasted to the roof of my mouth. Then I dropped the rifle and whirled to plunge away. Like a deer I bounded. To escape, to find a tree to leap into—that was my only thought. A few rods down the slope—it seemed a mile—I reached a pine with low branches. Like a squirrel I ran up it and, straddling a high limb, gazed back.

I heard the crashing of brush, the pound of soft jumps over to my left. Then I saw a big red woolly steer plunge wildly down the slope and disappear. I had mistaken a wild, frightened steer for a red cinnamon bear!

THE STOREKEEPER'S KIND OFFER

THE old storekeeper at Rossland, British Columbia, didn't care a straw about Shakespeare. To his way of thinking, literary folk were merely parasites, though he did take a pretty strong liking to Mr. G. B. Burgin, novelist and critic. But, says Mr. Burgin in Many Memories, just before I went away he had a very solemn talk with me.

"I've been a-watchin' of you," he said, "and a-hearin' of you yarn with them miners. When you do any work what do you do for a livin'?"

"Oh, I try to write books."

"That all? Why, I never heard tell of such foolishness!" He spat contemptuously at the harmless, necessary stove. "Don't you do nothin' else? Nothin' useful?"

"Ye-es. Lots of other things—for play."

"But, snakes alive, man, what I want to know is, what d'you do for a livin'?"

"Write stories."

"D'you mean to tell me people pays you for writin' them blamed lies?"

"Sometimes—when they don't forget to do so."

"I'm sorry—blamed sorry! I thought maybe you could do suthin' useful 'stead of tellin' a passel of crackers."

"Well, you can't be as sorry as I am."

He thought for a moment. "Look here. You git religion and turn over a new leaf. I'll give you a hundred dollars a year to help in my store if you'll really turn over that new leaf and not blot it."

I politely refused.

"Wal," he said and sighed, "wal, I'll make it a hundred and twenty. You ain't worth it, but I've took to you and might make suthin' useful out of you—in time."

In spite of the choice of words the reinforcements arrived in time.

HE COULDN'T TAKE THE MEDICINE

DR. MCKINNON was a physician who had the greatest opinion of the good effect of cheerfulness on sick persons.

"You must drive away this depression," he remarked to one particularly discouraged patient. "Practice cheerfulness. Sing at your work, you know, and that sort of thing."

"Sing at my work, doctor?" grumbled the patient. "How do you think I can? I'm a glass blower."

A MASSIVE TIMEPIECE

LIVERPOOL newspaper recently printed an account of a shipping case that was heard in the Admiralty Court. In it Punch has discovered this charmingly ambiguous sentence: She proceeded on her way until seven, or rather later, when the officers in the cabin heard a noise as of a heavy body like an anchor or a chain being dragged along the deck from the funnel aft. It was the mate's watch.

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Read Books of Character

GOOD books have always made great men. Those who say, "I haven't time to read good books," should remember Roosevelt, the busiest man of his time. Almost every day of his adult life Roosevelt managed to read a good book, and there was nothing in the world he loved more than to "talk books." Wherever he journeyed—whether on a speech-making tour or on an African hunting trip—he carried almost a small library with him. It was this constant communion with other great minds that helped, in a measure, to make him so everlastingly interesting in everything he had to say.

The man who is widely read is at ease in every company; he knows how to express himself; he has a "background" of culture that gives him confidence. He is welcome in every social gathering. He does not know what it is to feel himself despised or ignored, for he is perennially interesting.

There is nothing in the world more broadening—more quickening to the intelligence—than a wide reading of good books.

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